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EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMNS

*TRANSLATIONS OF THE VERSES OF THE
MOST NOTABLE LATIN WRITERS OF
THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES*

BY

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PREFACE

THIS volume may fairly be said to contain the best religious songs of all the ages of the Latin Church. The name of the work would indicate that only the earlier hymns were included; and that, indeed, was the intention of the author when the publication of the book was commenced. But as some of the hymns inserted in that treasure-house of spiritual song, the Roman Breviary, since the pontificate of Urban VIII. are exquisitely beautiful, both in poetry and religious feeling, it has been deemed best to make the work sufficiently complete to include practically all the hymns there found, both ancient and modern.

Many of the hymns here translated were gleaned from the pages of the great works of Daniel, Mone and Wackernagel. A volume of Latin hymns published by Professor March of La Fayette College, will be found to contain a number of the most beautiful; but the chief source has been the Roman Breviary. And as that work is more easily obtained by the ordinary student, than the great collections above named, it has been thought advisable to note all hymns drawn from that source, so that the reader, who may desire to compare the translation with the original, will have little difficulty in doing so.

The attempt to turn these glorious songs of the Church into something fairly representative of the thought and feeling of the original has been a labor of love during the past four years. The translator has always been an ardent lover of the Latin hymns, but the idea of making English versions of them came about as if by accident. While reading the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, the "golden sequence," as it has been called, one Sunday afternoon in April, 1904, the words and melody of the hymn shaped themselves, as it were, into an English form, without any apparent effort, a form which seemed to give an adequate representation of the original both in thought and feeling.

Immediately upon the appearance of that poem in print, the author was urged by scholarly friends, both clerical and lay, lovers, like himself, of the fine old church songs, to try his hand at others, especially those used for liturgical purposes and found in the Breviary and Missal. The more of these translations that appeared, the more popular they seemed to become.

The very act of translating afforded a singular pleasure and exhilaration of spirit. In a short time the number of English renderings on the author's hands became so great, and the requests of friends to collect them in a volume, so urgent, that the present work is the result.

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**EARLY
CHRISTIAN HYMNS**

ST. HILARY

BORN at Poitiers, in France, about A.D. 300, St. Hilary was one of the most noted men of his age. St. Augustine styles him "The illustrious doctor of the Churches," and St. Jerome characterizes him as "a most eloquent man, and the trumpet of the Latins against the Arians."

According to his own account, St. Hilary was brought up in idolatry; but made a special study of religion, and soon was led to conclude that the system of polytheism, under which he had been trained, was absurd; and he became convinced that there can be only one God. This led him to a study of both the old and new Testaments, and in a short time he was baptized, and was afterwards ordained as priest.

Before his conversion he was married. His wife and one daughter, Apra, were living in 353, at which time he was chosen bishop of Poitiers. From the time of his ordination he lived in perpetual continency.

He was banished by order of the Emperor Constantius for his strong opposition to the Arian heresy, in 356, and remained in exile upwards of three years.

While in exile he sent his daughter two hymns, one for the morning, "Lucis Largitor Splendide," and one for evening, which does not seem to have reached our times, unless it may be the abecedary, "Ad Coeli Clara," as some think.

During his banishment Hilary opposed the Arians with such force, that they requested Constantius to send him back to Gaul, so that they might be rid of his antagonism. This was done by the weak Emperor, and Hilary returned to his province in 360.

He died at Poitiers January 13, 368, but his office is celebrated in the Roman Breviary on the 14th.

With St. Ambrose, who was writing at the time, St. Hilary was a powerful influence in reforming and perfecting the songs used in the church in his day. The oriental custom of antiphonal singing, first said to be introduced into the western church by St. Ambrose, was probably brought by Hilary from the east, at the time of his return from banishment.

A HYMN FOR THE PENITENT

Ad Coeli Clara

I AM not worthy, Lord, mine eyes
To turn unto thy starry skies;
But bowed in sin, with moans and sighs,
I beg thee, hear me.

My duty I have left undone,
Nor sought I crime or shame to shun,
My feet in sinful paths have run,
Sweet Christ, be near me.

O, fill my soul with grief sincere
For mine offences; let the tear
Moisten my pillow; Father hear,
And grant repentance.

For all my many crimes, O Lord,
The pains of hell were just reward;
But thou, O God, my cry regard,
And spare the sentence.

Redeemer, sole-begotten Son,
Father and Spirit, three in one,
Thou art my hope; as ages run
Be thine all glory.

If in the balance thou shouldst weigh
My crimes, there were nor hope nor stay,
But Lord, thy clemency I pray,
 To grace restore me.

Dear Jesus, I acknowledge thee,
Thou gavest thy life upon the tree;
Who takes from thy Divinity
 Is a blasphemer.

All godless errors, proud or vain,
The false belief and murmuring strain
Insult thy love, thy law profane,
 Gentle Redeemer.

Sweet Lord, I love thy holy name;
I hear my mother church proclaim
The Spirit, Sire and Son the same,
 One God eternal.

Power, love and glory be to thee,
O high and holy Trinity;
Be ours the bliss thy face to see
 In light supernal.

A HYMN FOR PENTECOST

Beata Nobis Gaudia

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE rolling years, in joy complete,
 The jubilee of glory wrought,

What time the Heavenly Paraclete
His gifts to the apostles brought.

Aglow with living light he came
Upon the twelve in tongues of fire,
That they might all the world inflame
With word of truth and pure desire.

Then, guided by a power divine,
The tongue of every clime they spake,
Filled with God's love, as with new wine,
They bade the earth from sin awake.

The mystic rites are all complete,
The paschal-tide is overpassed;
From sin and shame remission sweet
The new law brings our souls at last.

Dear God of mercy and of power,
Bowed at thy feet in prayer and love
We come; send down thy heavenly dower,
The Spirit's largess, from above.

As thou hast filled our lives with light,
And oped our bosoms to thy grace,
So guide us ever in thy might,
And fit us for thy dwelling-place.

All praise to God the Father be,
The same to Christ, the risen Son;

And, Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Forever reigning, three in one.

A MORNING HYMN

Deus Pater Ingenite

THOU unbegotten God, the Sire,
And thou, the sole-begotten Son,
Who, with the Spirit's sacred fire,
Art everlasting, three in one;

To thee no mortal calls in vain,
Nor doth the lover of the light
Lift up unheard a prayerful strain
Nor blindly seek thy holy height.

Nay, Father, they that sigh for thee,
And they that bow in humble prayer,
Or yield the heart on bended knee,
Still meet the sweetness of thy care.

Reminded by the rising sun,
To thee our grateful hearts we bring;
With love and praise and orison,
In hymns and songs, we gladly sing.

Lord, let the day be one of light,
Build all our labours unto thee;
Thou, who hast brought us out of night,
Keep us in strong sincerity.

ST. HILARY'S MORNING HYMN

Lucis Largitor Splendide

O WONDROUS giver of the light!
By whose eternal ray serene,
After the lingering hours of night,
The glory of the morn is seen, —

Bringer of light indeed art thou;
Not like the common sun of day
That o'er the world is rising now
And shining with a narrow ray;

Nay, brighter than the solar beam,
Thyself the sun and perfect light,
And in the breast thy tender gleam
Illumes with glory pure and bright.

Creator of the world, be near,
Thou radiance of the Father's face!
Oh, shield us from all shapes of fear
And guide us by thy saving grace.

Inspire us with thy living breath,
Dwell in our hearts both night and day,
Lest by the tempter lured to death,
Our erring souls be made his prey.

Be all our actions free from stain,
Let purity our souls refine,

That shunning evil thoughts and vain,
We live within thy laws divine.

Let not our minds be overcome
By false desire or deed of shame,
And be our hearts a shrine and home
Wherein shall burn thy holy flame.

Our hope, O Saviour, is in thee,
In thee we trust, we seek thy light;
Lord, let thy love a beacon be
To guide us through the gloom of night.

A SONG OF DAWN

Jam Meta Noctis Transiit

THE bounds of night are safely passed,
And slumber's bars asunder cast,
While morn uprises on the blue
And bathes the skies in radiance new.

Soon as the earliest light we see
We lift our souls, O Lord, to thee;
To thee, sweet source of living light,
In song and prayer our hearts unite.

Renew our spirits, Heavenly Dove,
In holy joy and deeds of love;
The brightness of thy glory give
That we may know thy light and live.



To thee, O Lord of love, we raise,
In sounding hymns, eternal praise,
The same to Christ, the sole-born Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

A SONG OF DAWN

(Another version)

FROM heaven has fled the starry night,
And startled sleep has taken flight;
The rosy morn, uprising, spills
Her crystal light o'er vales and hills.

Soon as the earliest ray we see,
Our souls are lifted, Lord, to thee;
Dear God, to thee, our prayers we bring;
To thee rejoicing hymns we sing.

Lord, be our hearts and hopes renewed
In light and love and gratitude,
So may our deeds, illumed by thee,
Worthy thy love and glory be.

We praise thee, Lord, forevermore;
Thee, with the Son our souls adore,
And with the Spirit, three in one,
Reigning while endless ages run.

ST. DAMASUS

BORN in the city of Rome A.D. 304, of Spanish descent, St. Damasus engaged himself in an ecclesiastical state at an early age, and became successively reader, deacon and priest of the parish church of St. Laurence in that city. He was chosen bishop of Rome in the year 366, which office he held for eighteen years, dying December 10, 384. St. Jerome was his secretary for three years before the pope's death, and speaks of him as "an incomparable person, learned in the Scriptures." He adorned the cemeteries of the saints with epitaphs in verse. He has been called the inventor of rhyme, though without satisfactory proof.

The small pious Christian poems which have been printed among the works of Claudian, have been attributed with good authority to Damasus.

His office is celebrated in the Roman Breviary on December 11.

HYMN TO ST. AGATHA

Martyris ecce dies Agathae

BRIGHT shall the day of St. Agatha rise,
Virgin and martyr, for lo! from the skies,
Christ, as a lover, stooped tenderly down,
Crowning her brow with his duplicate crown.

Born unto affluence, gentle in blood,
Wealth and temptation she bravely withstood;
Earth with its vanities casting aside,
Binding her soul to her God as a bride.

Stronger of heart than the tyrant, her foe,
Patient she bowed 'neath the lash and the blow;
And by her bosom, all rent by the sword,
Proved her invincible love for the Lord.

Bleeding and bound in the prison, behold!
Peter restored the sweet lamb to his fold;
Gladly she faces the torture again,
Rising in triumph o'er evil and pain.

Even the strangers, who knew not the Lord,
Flying destruction, were saved by her word;
Surely to those who are marked with His seal,
She will bring graces to help and to heal.

Glorious Agatha, now as a bride,
Raised by thy Saviour, thou stand'st at his side;
Hear us and plead for us, keeping thy day,
Lift us and lead us to Jesus, we pray.

Praise to the Father and praise to the Son,
Praise to the Paraclete, God, Three in One;
Blessing and glory be thine evermore;
Keep us and care for us, Lord, we implore.

ST. AMBROSE

ST. AMBROSE is unquestionably the greatest of all the Latin hymn writers, not so much, perhaps, by reason of the value of the hymns in themselves, as the influence which those hymns have produced in the Church.

St. Ambrose, son of Ambrose, the prefect of the pretorium in Gaul, probably in the city of Arles, was born in the same city in the year 340. While Ambrose was yet an infant his father died, and his mother returned with him to Rome, her own country.

The youth learned the Greek language, and became a good poet. He also studied law, and practised with so much success, that he was soon chosen governor of Liguria and Æmilia, a territory including what afterwards became the diocese of Milan, Turin, Genoa, Ravenna and Bologna.

On the death of Auxentius, an Arian, who, on the banishment of St. Dionysius, had usurped the see of Milan, the people of that community were stirred up by religious strife, some demanding an Arian, and some a Catholic, as bishop. Ambrose felt it his duty to go to the church and preserve peace, and made an admirable address to the people, exhorting them to proceed in their choice quietly and in a spirit of peace. While he was yet speaking, a child cried out "Ambrose Bishop." The whole assembly took up the cry, and both Catholics and Arians unanimously chose him as bishop.

He strove for a long time against assuming the duties of the office. But at last he felt himself obliged to yield to the wishes of the people. He was at this time only a catechumen; but he was soon baptized, and received the episcopal consecration on December 7, 374.

He devoted the remainder of his life entirely to the church, and became one of its four most noted Latin doctors; the others being St. Jerome, St. Augustine and St. Gregory the Great.

He immediately surrendered all his lands and estates to the church, reserving only the income for the use of his sister Marcellina, during her life.

Most of the hymns which occur in the ferial office of the Latin Church seem to be either by St. Ambrose or in his style. He is said to have first introduced into the west the custom of singing hymns in the church.

His hymns are so composed that the sense ends with the fourth verse, so that they may be sung by two choirs. He established the custom of chanting, by alternate choirs, the psalms, and other religious songs, in his church at Milan; and this custom soon spread to all churches of the west. The practice was introduced from the east. Since the time of St. Ambrose, antiphonal singing has been a feature in all Christian churches.

St. Ambrose died about midnight before Holy Saturday, April 4, 397, at the age of fifty-seven years. But his feast is kept and office celebrated in the Roman Breviary on December 7, the day on which he was consecrated bishop. His body lies under the high altar in the Ambrosian basilica at Milan.

EASTER HYMN

Aurora Coelum Purpurat

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE morn awakes with rosy glow,
And heaven resounds with joyful strain;
Sweet voices cheer the earth below,
While hell is rent with fear and pain.

For Christ, the King of love and might,
Hath conquered death and broke the tomb;
He leadeth forth to heavenly light
The souls that long have pined in gloom.

A guard was set before his grave,
And at the door they placed a stone, —
The guarded tomb the Saviour clave, —
And death and doom are overthrown.

Then cast aside the mourning weed,
Restrain the tear, let sorrow cease;
“The Saviour Christ is risen indeed,” —
Thus speaks the messenger of peace.

Be with us, Jesus, evermore,
Our paschal joy forever be;
Renew our lives, our hopes restore,
From sin and sorrow set us free.

Be praise and love and glory meet
Unto the Sire and risen Son,
The same unto the Paraclete
Forever reigning three in one.

THE TRUTH OF TRUTHS

Tristes Erant Apostoli

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE sad disciples sat in gloom,
For in the grave the Crucified
Was laid to rest; they mourned his doom,
And shuddered o'er the death he died.

An angel to the women gave
The truth of truths: "God is not dead;
The Lord is risen from the grave,
And bids his flock be comforted."

The women hie, these tidings sweet
Unto the sorrowing band to bring;
Upon the road in joy they meet,
And there adore the risen King.

Then to the Galilean height
The Apostles haste, their Lord to see;
He sends them, blessed with bounteous light,
His chosen witnesses to be.

Be with us, Lord, forevermore,
And let thy resurrection be
Our paschal joy; our faith restore,
And fill our souls with love for thee.

THE RESURRECTION

Paschale Mundo Gaudium

(From the Roman Breviary)

IN paschal joy the morning sun
Drives from the world the gloom of night;
The faithful see the Holy One
Shining with new and glorious light.

The wounds within his flesh appear
Like stars amid the heavens aflame;
The brethren rise, and void of fear,
The Christ, their risen Lord, proclaim.

Most clement Jesus, tender King,
Possess our souls that, all aglow,
The tongue may fitly say and sing
The love that unto thee we owe.

Be with us evermore, O Lord,
And let thy resurrection be
Our paschal joy; from crimes abhorred,
In loving mercy make us free.

A PASCHAL MORNING HYMN

Rex Sempiternæ Coelitum

(From the Roman Breviary)

ETERNAL King of heaven, thy word
Made all the spheres that roll above,
Thou art the everlasting Lord,
The Son of everlasting love.

Thou gavest when the earth was new,
To Adam's race thy image bright;
His baser clay thou didst endue
With spirit breathing love and light.

When Satan's wiles in evil day
Deformed the glory of the race,
Thou robed'st thyself in lowly clay
To bring again the godlike face.

Born of a virgin void of stain,
Thy birth, thy death, thy cloven tomb,
Cleansing and lifting man again
Redeemed the soul from mortal doom.

Shepherd, whose love with grief condole,
Thy baptism comes, a heavenly rain,
Bathing with grace our waking souls,
And washing out each deadly stain.

Redeemer sought and promised long,
Thy blood is poured, the price of sin;
Upon the cross in shame uphung,
Thy life is paid, our life to win.

Be with us evermore, O Lord,
And let thy resurrection be
Our paschal joy; from crimes abhorred
In loving mercy make us free.

Give praise and love and glory meet
Unto the Sire and Risen Son;
The same to thee, O Paraclete
Forever reigning, three in one.

VESPER HYMN, FOR THE FEAST OF A MARTYR

Deus Tuorum Militum

(From the Roman Breviary)

O GOD, of all thy host the king,
The crown, the prize, the hand that stays,
Absolve from stain thy flocks, who sing,
And sound abroad thy martyr's praise.

All joys of earth to him were nought,
The flattering cup of pleasure seemed
But bitter gall; he only sought
The ways wherein thy glory beamed.

The pangs of death he bravely bore,
 He felt thy presence in all pain;
 Freely, dear Christ, did he outpour
 His blood, thy holy light to gain.

We bow before thee, pitying Lord,
 We sing his glory for thy praise;
 Hear us and bring the sweet reward;
 Give pardon and our souls upraise.

All praise and love and glory be
 To God the Father and the Son,
 And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
 While everlasting ages run.

HYMN FOR LAUDS FOR THE FEAST OF A MARTYR

Invicte Martyr Unicum

(From the Roman Breviary)

UNVANQUISHED soul, brave saint of God,
 True follower of the Martyred Son,
 In Christ's bright footsteps thou hast trod,
 And in his glorious triumph won.

Lift up to God thy prayers for us,
 That he may purge our sins away,
 May change our evil will, and thus
 Up-raise our souls to endless day.

The chains that bound thee to the earth
Are stricken from thy sacred feet,
Break thou our chains; thy sacred worth
Can gain the meed of mercy sweet.

To God the Father glory be,
The same unto the sole-born Son,
And heavenly Paraclete, to thee
Forever reigning three in one.

AN EARLY MORNING HYMN

Jam Lucis Orto Sidera

(From the Roman Breviary)

WHILE morn awakes with wondrous light
We come to thee, O Lord, in prayer;
Guard thou and guide our steps aright
And keep us in thy holy care.

Lord, let our tongues be free from blame,
Nor utter words of guilt or strife;
Lift up our eyes from deeds of shame,
And all the vanities of life.

Our hearts be purged and purified
That nought of evil shall remain;
From worldly vice and fleshly pride
Our souls by temperance restrain.

So keep us, Lord, from evil free,
Till fades in dusk the sunset flame,
That we unstained may come to thee
And sing the glories of thy name.

All praise to God the Father be
And to his sole-begotten Son,
And Holy Paraclete to thee,
Now and while endless ages run.

A HYMN FOR ADVENT

Creator Alme Siderum

(From the Roman Breviary)

OH, kind Creator of the skies,
Eternal light to guide our feet,
Give ear to our beseeching cries
And save us in thy mercy sweet.

Descending from thy throne above,
Thou camest the sluggish world to win,
Moved by the power of mighty love,
Lest earth be lost in death and sin.

Brought forth, a sacrifice divine
To expiate our deeds of doom,
Thy way was through the sacred shrine
Of earth's most precious Virgin's womb.

Thy name is power; we call on thee,
And lo, thy glory shines aflame,
While heaven and hell with trembling knee
Bow down before thy holy name.

To thee we come, we cry to thee,
O Ruler of the judgment day;
Defend us by thy grace, lest we
With powers of gloom, be cast away.

Be honour, praise and glory meet
To God the Father and the Son
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Forever reigning, three in one.

HYMN FOR MATINS

Somno Refectis Artubus

(From the Roman Breviary)

WITH limbs refreshed by slumber's balm,
We spurn the needless couch and rise;
We come to thee with song and psalm,
O Father, Lord of earth and skies.

To thee the waking tongue shall sing,
The soul with fire shall seek thy love;
And thus, O Holy One, shall spring
Our every act from light above.

Behold, the shadows fly the dawn,
Night yields unto the star of day;
So may the shades of vice be gone,
And every stain be washed away.

Hear us, dear Lord, while day is young,
Banish, we pray, all guilt and crime,
And let thy love by every tongue
Be sung unto the end of time.

Father of mercy, unto thee
And to the sole and equal Son,
And Paraclete, all glory be,
Forever reigning, three in one.

A HYMN FOR ADVENT

En Clara Vox

(From the Roman Breviary)

A CLEAR voice sounds from out the skies
The hour of woe has passed from earth;
After each dream of darkness flies,
The light of Jesus shineth forth.

Now lifts her head the torpid soul,
No longer prone as in a tomb,
A new star gleams from pole to pole,
Its glorious rays expel the gloom.

Behold the Lamb! he comes to bear
From all the world its load of sin;
O let us haste, in humble prayer,
And strive his loving grace to win.

Shine out, O wondrous star, on high,
Enclose the world in flaming light,
Let us not fall in guilt and die;
Lord, guard and guide our steps aright.

Praise, honour, power and glory be
To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, the same to thee,
Forever reigning, three in one.

HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD

Jesu Redemptor Omnium

(From the Roman Breviary)

JESUS, Redeemer of the earth,
Begotten by the God of light,
Equal in majesty and might,
Before the day-star had its birth;

The splendour of the Father thou,
Of humankind the living hope,
Aid all that under heaven's cope
Before thy holy presence bow!

Remember, O Creator Lord,
That from the stainless Virgin's womb
The flesh of man thou didst assume
To save man's flesh from guilt abhorred.

And lo, this day that gave thee birth
Shall glorify thy holy name,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Sole Son and Saviour of the earth.

The heavens, the earth, the rolling seas,
And all that live beneath the skies
Uplift to thee adoring eyes
And hail thee with new harmonies.

And Saviour, we with souls bedewed
In thy redeeming blood, upraise
The tribute of our earnest praise,
Bowed down in holy gratitude.

Let endless power and glory be
To Christ whom stainless Virgin bore;
The Sire and Paraclete adore,
With equal love eternally.

A HYMN FOR THE NIGHT SEASON

Nox Atra Rerum

(From the Roman Breviary)

NIGHT veils the earth in darkness,
And holds the skies above;
We come in prayer and seek thy care,
Just Judge and Lord of Love.

We call on thee to save us,
From grovelling deed of shame;
O make us thine by grace divine,
To love and bless thy name.

Lo, though our hearts are evil,
Though strong the tempter's power,
We dare to raise our voice in praise,
And seek thee every hour.

Drive from our hearts all darkness,
All evil from the mind;
Forever be our joy in thee,
O Saviour of mankind.

To Sire and Son and Spirit
Be honour, love and praise,
Blest Three in one, whose reign shall run
Unto the end of days.

PASCHAL TIDE

Ad Regias Agni Dapes

(From the Roman Breviary)

TO the high table of the Lamb,
White-robed, we come with song and psalm;
The Red Sea's passage won, we sing
In triumph unto Christ, the King.

We glorify the love divine,
Who pours for us his blood as wine;
Sweet sacrifice! he deigns to give
His flesh that man may eat and live.

The blood is sprinkled on the door,
The smiting angel passeth o'er;
The cloven path across the sea
Is closed, and whelmed the enemy.

Our Pasch is now the Christ, our Lord,
Our victim at the saving board;
The true unleavened bread is he
To souls of faith and purity.

Celestial victim! from thy face
The powers of darkness fly apace;
The chains are broken from the tomb;
True life is won and death o'ercome.

The Victor, Christ, with flag unfurled
Brings triumph o'er the sinful world,
The king of darkness quells, and opes
The gates of heaven to human hopes.

Dear Jesus, bring us purity,
That thou our paschal joy may'st be;
Be with us always; let thy love
Illume our spirits from above.

To God the Father glory be,
The same, O Risen Son, to thee;
And to the Paraclete, we raise
An equal meed of love and praise.

MORNING HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY

Aeterne Rex Altissime

(From the Roman Breviary)

ETERNAL King and Lord most high,
Redeemer robed in majesty,
Who didst the world and death o'ercome
And rise triumphant from the tomb;
Then to thine everlasting height
Wast lifted in a cloud of light,
Above the stars, through heaven's cope, —
Thou art our light, our love, our hope.

Earth, sea and sky, the threefold frame
Bow down before thy sacred name,

The ranks of hell in terror see,
Feel thy stern power, and bend the knee,
Thy angel hosts behold and know
The changed estate of man below,
The flesh that sinned, made clean again,
And God as man take up his reign.

Be thou our lasting joy, O Lord,
Our love on earth, our high reward;
Kind Ruler of the world, inspire
Our longing souls with holy fire.
To thee we bow our hearts in prayer,
Lord, keep us from the tempter's snare;
Lift up our souls with heavenly grace,
And fit us for thy dwelling-place.

So when thou comest in majesty,
Among the clouds, our judge to be,
We may be freed from guilt and pain
And our lost crown assume again.
Jesus to thee be glory meet,
Triumphant in thy heavenly seat,
Unto the Sire and Spirit praise
In equal meed through endless days.

VESPER HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY

Jesu Nostra Redemptio ¹

JESUS, our love, our Saviour,
The joy of every heart,
Thou bringest light unto our night,
For light itself thou art.

What wealth of love o'ercame thee
That thou shouldst will to die
Upon the tree of Calvary
To save mankind thereby!

The night of sin is broken,
The power of hell o'erthrown,
The heavenly door made wide once more
By thee, most Holy One.

'Twas heavenly love impelled thee
Thus to redeem our race,
And bless our sight with the sweet light
That shineth from thy face.

Thou to the stars ascended
Hast banished fear, O Lord;
Be thine all praise, through endless days,
Be thou our sweet reward.

¹ The hymn "Salutis Humanae Sator" in the Roman Breviary is an adaptation of this.

PENTECOST

Nam Christus Astra Ascenderat

(From the Roman Breviary)

NOW to the stars is Christ, the King,
Ascended, whence he came, to bring
The heavenly Paraclete, with gifts
For the disciples' comforting.

The solemn hours approach; we see
Accomplished all the mystery;
The seven times seven change of days
Brings round the heavenly jubilee.

The day had lifted up its light
Three hours above the orient height,
And still the apostles prayed; then came
With roar of winds the God of might.

In everlasting lustre came
The living and abounding flame;
It filled each breast with holy speech
And love for the Redeemer's name.

The hearts of the disciples glow
With inspiration; lo, they know
And speak in all the tongues of earth
The deeds that God hath done below.

They cry aloud, all void of fear;
 Greek, Roman and barbarian hear;
 The word of God in every tongue
 They utter, speaking loud and clear.

The faithless Jews behold the sign
 They see the miracle divine;
 But moved to wrath and fear, they cry:
 "Lo, these are overcome by wine!"

Then Peter, rising up to meet
 The slanders, speaks with holy heat
 And Joel as his witness calls,
 To drive the faithless to retreat.

To God the Father glory be,
 And Christ the risen Son, to thee,
 Who with the heavenly Paraclete,
 Reignest one God, eternally.

O SPLENDOUR OF THE FATHER'S FACE

Splendor Paternae Glorïae

(From the Roman Breviary)

O SPLENDOUR of the Father's face,
 Bringer of glory from above,
 True light, and Fount of every grace,
 Illume our day with faith and love.

Pour on our way, O Sun Divine,
Thy holy truth with rays serene,
And let the heavenly spirit shine
With purging fires to make us clean.

The glory of the Sire we seek,
The Father of enduring grace;
Lift up our spirits, fallen and weak,
And guide us to thy dwelling place.

Confirm us in thy love divine,
Smooth for our feet life's rugged way;
Our wills make ever one with thine,
Lest evil lead our steps astray.

Be with us still as guard and guide,
Keep us in holy chastity,
Let our firm faith on thee abide,
From fraud and error hold us free.

Dear Christ, be still our drink and food,
Our hope, our love, our lasting faith;
And be our souls each day renewed,
Fired by the Spirit's quickening breath.

Thus joyful let the day go by;
Our modesty like morn shall glow;
Our faith be like the midday sky,
Nor gloom of doubt nor shadow know.

Lo, as the dawn brings forth the light,
The Virgin brings the birth divine,
True God the Son in love and might,
True God the Sire, in power benign.

To God the Father glory be,
The same unto the sole-born Son,
And Holy Paraclete to thee,
Now and while endless ages run.

A MORNING HYMN

Aeterna Coeli Gloria

(From the Roman Breviary)

HAIL, heaven's eternal glory, thee we sing
Who unto man the blessed hope didst bring,
Sole offspring of the Virgin, pure and chaste,
And of creation's dreaded Lord and King.

Give us thy right hand, Lord, that we may rise,
Make clean our hearts and purify our eyes,
Like blazing torches let our songs of praise
And gratitude ascend against the skies.

Now rises o'er the sea the star of morn;
Above the wave the earliest rays are borne,
As messengers of the returning sun;
So let thy holy light our souls adorn.

All lingering shadows from our minds expel,
With dreams and motions that in darkness dwell,
Our bosoms purge of all that bringeth stain,
And bathe our spirits in thy crystal well.

Within our souls let saving faith find place,
Let hope draw radiance from thy tender face,
And let our hearts in brotherhood expand,
The love of God and neighbour; grant this grace.

To thee, Eternal Sire, all glory be,
And sole and co-eternal Son, to thee,
And unto thee, O Heavenly Paraclete,
Almighty, everlasting, one in three.

THE MORNING'S GOLDEN RADIANCE

Aurora Jam Spargit

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE morning's golden radiance
Now glows along the sky;
Pierced by the shafts of sunrise,
All lingering shadows fly.

So from our souls all evils,
Dear Lord, or vile or vain,
Be driven by thy radiance,
And nought but good remain.

Thus shall we come each morning,
And bow before thee, Lord;
Thus bring our hymns and praises;
Be thou our sweet reward.

To God the Sire, all glory,
The same, O Son, to thee,
And thee, O Holy Spirit,
Eternal one in three.

EVENING HYMN

Te Lucis Ante Terminum

(From the Roman Breviary)

BEFORE the light has passed away,
Dear Lord, we come in prayer to thee;
Oh, be our guide, our guard, our stay,
And soothe us with thy clemency.

Protect us from the powers of night,
All base desires and dreams restrain,
Repress all evil, bring all light,
And keep us from unholy stain.

Father of mercy, unto thee,
And to the sole-begotten Son,
And Holy Ghost, all glory be,
Forever reigning, three in one.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF A VIRGIN

Jesu, Corona Virginum

(From the Roman Breviary)

O JESUS, crown of virgin choirs,
Whom the sole Virgin mother bore,
Behold our needs and our desires;
To thee our vows and prayers we pour.

Among white lilies walkest thou,
Surrounded by a virgin band,
The bridegroom's glory on thy brow,
The prizes in thy bounteous hand.

Where'er thou goest, lo! the throngs
Of virgins follow in the way,
And sing to thee eternal songs
And sacred hymns by night and day.

We bow before thy lofty throne;
Refine our souls and purify,
That we may know thee, Holy One,
And swift from all corruption fly.

Be honour, glory, power and praise
To God the Father and the Son,
Like glory to the Spirit raise,
Forever reigning, three in one.



A NIGHT SONG

Rerum Deus Tenax Vigor

(From the Roman Breviary)

GOD of creation, wondrous Might,
Eternal power that all adore,
Thou rulest the changing day and night,
Thyself unchanging evermore.

Pour light upon our fading day,
So in our lives no dusk shall be,
So death shall bring us to the ray
Of heavenly glory, Lord, with thee.

Father of Mercy, unto thee
We lift our voice in prayer and praise,
And to the Son and Spirit be
Like glory to the end of days.

HYMN BEFORE DAYLIGHT

Consorts Paterni Luminis

(From the Roman Breviary)

ORADIANCE of the Father,
Thyself our light and day,
We rise at night to praise thee,
Assist us, Christ, we pray.

Drive from our souls all darkness,
All thoughts and dreams of ill,
Be thou our guide and master,
And be thy law our will.

Make strong thy faith within us,
Thou knowest how weak we be;
Lord, hear in loving kindness
The psalms we sing to thee.

All glory to the Father
And sole-begotten Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,
While endless ages run.

HYMN FOR EARLY MORNING

Summae Parens Clementiae

(From the Roman Breviary)

PARENT of heavenly clemency,
And ruler of creation's frame,
In substance one, in persons three,
We praise and bless thy holy name.

O Lord of all the rolling spheres,
We send our cries and prayers to thee;
In mercy mark the prayers and tears,
And keep our souls from evil free.

Our bodies and our minds refine
In fires of love; dear Saviour, be
Our strength, and give us grace divine
To keep our wills aloft with thee.

So shall we hourly evermore
Bring songs of praise and hymns of love,
That when our earthly days are o'er
Thou'lt bring us to our home above.

Father most merciful, thy name
We glorify; thou sole-born Son,
And Heavenly Spirit, each the same,
Forever reigning, three in one.

A HYMN FOR EVENTIDE

Deus Creator Omnium

(From the Roman Breviary)

O SHAPER of tremendous might,
Whose will the spheres in place doth keep,
Robing the day in radiant light,
The silent night in balmy sleep.

Now all the toils of day are o'er,
The weary limbs from labour free,
Our minds, aroused, shall heavenward soar,
And leave all anxious cares with thee.

The day is done, and with the night
Let thanks and prayers and hymns begin;
We cry to Thee, O God of Light,
Keep thou our souls from stain of sin.

From our deep hearts we sing to thee,
Our blended voices hail thy name;
O holy Love, our lover be,
As we adore thee and proclaim.

When shadows round the world shall flow,
And heavy night shut out the day,
Lord, let our faith no darkness know,
But, shining, light us on our way.

Let not the mind in slothful ease
Leave aught of evil to remain;
Let faith drive forth all phantasies,
And every dream impure and vain.

Dispel all vices from the mind,
And be the soul's one aim to thee,
That thus the tempter shall not find
Power to awake impurity.

Eternal Father, sole-born Son,
And Holy Spirit, hear our prayer,
Thou potent Godhead, three in one,
Support and keep us in thy care.

A MORNING PRAYER

Rector Potens Verax Deus

(From the Roman Breviary)

ALMIGHTY Ruler, Lord of light,
Thy hand controls the day and night,
Robing the morn in rosy ray,
And lifting high the fire of day.

Dear Lord, extinguish from our life,
The fire of sin, the flame of strife;
Unto our bodies health impart,
And tender peace to every heart.

Father, we bow before thy throne,
Thee with the Christ, thine only Son,
And Paraclete, our souls adore,
With equal love forevermore.

A HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST

Nunc Sancte Nobis Spiritus

(From the Roman Breviary)

COME, Holy Spirit, Lord of light,
Who with the Sire and Saviour art
One God of majesty and might,
Thy brightness pour in every heart.

With tongue, and soul, and sense and power
Thy praise forevermore we'll sing;
Thy love shall be our holy dower,
And man to brotherhood shall bring.

Be with us Father evermore,
Whom, with the sole-begotten Son
And Heavenly Spirit, all adore,
One God, while endless ages run.

A VESPER SONG

Jam Sol Recedit Igneus

(From the Roman Breviary)

WHILE sinks in golden fire the sun,
We seek thee, Lord, ere fall of night;
O, tender Master, three in one,
Inflame our souls with holy light.

With morning song of praise we came,
Again we come with evening hymn;
Lord, let us ever bless thy name
With cherubim and seraphim.

To God the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost be endless praise,
From earliest hour, as ages run,
All glory to the end of days.

O WORD OF MIGHT

Verbum Supernum Prodiens

(From the Roman Breviary)

O WORD of Might, that springing forth
From out the Father's heart, wast born
To raise our fallen state on earth,
Bring help, and leave us not forlorn.

Illume our breasts with heavenly light,
And set our souls aflame with love,
That we, forsaking things of night,
Shall lift our hopes to joys above.

When from the awful judgment throne
Dread doom unto his foes the Lord
Shall send, and call in tender tone
The just unto their sweet reward;

Let not our souls on that dread day
Be rolled in seething pools of fire;
Let mercy melt thine ire away,
And be thy love our sole desire.

Then to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, one in three,
From first to last, as ages run,
Eternal praise and glory be.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF A MARTYR

Rex Gloriose Martyrum

(From the Roman Breviary)

O HOPE of Martyrs, glorious King,
Rich crown of all who preach thy might,
Spurning the earth, their souls upspring,
With thee for guide, to heavenly light.

To us thy tender mercy lend,
And hear the humble prayers we raise;
In holy love our voices blend;
Make strong our hearts to sing thy praise.

By martyr blood thou quellest sin;
Thou savest the world by wondrous love;
Lord, let our souls thy mercy win,
To meet thy saints in joy above.

To God the Sire all glory be,
To God the sole-begotten Son,
And Holy Paraclete to thee,
While everlasting ages run.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF AN APOSTLE

Aeterna Christi Munera

(From the Roman Breviary)

ETERNAL Servants of the Lord,
With psalms and hymns and praises due,
To you, who brought the holy word,
We come, and lift our hearts to you.

Princes to whom the church was given,
Strong leaders in the war sublime,
And soldiers in the halls of heaven,
Ye are the lamps that light all time.

The faith that fires the holy heart,
The true believer's blessed hope,
And perfect love, — these powers impart, —
The strength with evil force to cope.

In these, O Father, is thy power,
In these thy victory, O Son,
In these the Spirit's will to shower
On all the heavens' sweet benison.

To God the Father sound the praise,
The Son with equal love adore,
And God the Spirit, — let us raise
One strain of blessing evermore.

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY

Aeterne Rerum Conditor

(From the Roman Breviary)

ETERNAL builder of the skies,
Dread ruler of the night and day,
With glories thou hast blessed our eyes,
To drive the stain of pride away.

To those that seem in gloom forlorn
Thou art a light; our scattered fold
Now hear the herald of the morn,
The splendour of its rays behold.

The day star rising from the wave
Scatters the mist from heaven's blue,
And buried in a sunless grave
The dreams of error sink from view.

The sailors stand upon the deck,
The sea grows mild, the waves subside,
The ship of evil lies awreck, —
Calm stands thy rock above the tide.

And hark the crowing of the cock!
The sound shall rouse earth's erring sons;
Arise and seek the saving rock,
Ye weary, weak and fainting ones.

Hope cometh with the morning song,
The sick shall rise from bed of pain,
Ensheathed shall be the sword of wrong,
And faith shall find her own again.

O Jesus guard thy wandering sheep
From thy sweet fold ne'er more to stray;
Our feeble steps from danger keep,
And fear shall melt in tears away.

Shine on our souls, O Living Light;
From stain of error keep us free;
Let songs of praise by day and night,
And vows of love arise to thee.

Now let us sing in anthems sweet
To God the Father and the Son,
Who with the Holy Paraclete
Forever reigneth, three in one.

PRUDENTIUS

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, "the glory of the ancient Christian poets," as he has been called, was born in Spain in 348, at Calahorra, in Old Castile. As he resided for some time at Saragossa, in the quality of Governor, it has been mistakenly believed by some writers that he was born in that city.

He studied rhetoric in his youth, and became accomplished and noted as a pleader. He was made twice governor of provinces and cities in Spain, and was afterwards, as he says, raised by Theodosius I. to the highest rank and dignity of the Court, by which it is generally understood that he became prefect of the pretorium.

In his fifty-seventh year he began to devote his whole time to the divine service, and consecrated his leisure hours to the composition of sacred poems.

He has always been esteemed the most learned of the Christian poets. Erasmus declares that for the sanctity and sacred erudition which are displayed in his writings he deserves to be ranked among the gravest doctors of the church. Some ecclesiastical writers give him the title of saint, but his name does not occur in the Martyrologies. The year of his death is not known.

A HYMN FOR EPIPHANY

O Sola Magnarum Urbium

(From the Roman Breviary)

A SACRED town is Bethlehem,
Its walls are wondrous fair;
For Jesus, our salvation, came
And made his birthplace there.

The star that leads the sages three
Is bright as early day,
And in its light their God they see
Enrobed in mortal clay.

They bow to earth as they behold,
And orient offerings bring,
The myrrh, the frankincense, the gold,
As God, as man, as king.

Unto the King the golden hoard,
As tribute they prefer;
The incense to the deathless Lord,
To mortal man the myrrh.

To thee, O Christ, be glory meet;
Thy name all lands adore;
Unto the Sire and Paraclete
Like glory evermore.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Audit Tyrannus Anxius

(From the Roman Breviary)

WITH dread the tyrant Herod hears
The tidings of the king to come;
The Prince of Israel he fears,
And trembling feels impending doom.

He bids the guard, with maddened cry,
"Go forth and loose the avenging flood;
The infant king must surely die;
So be the cradles drenched in blood.

"Let not a nursing boy escape,
Rob every bosom by the sword,
Lest fraud or guile a way shall shape
To save the Christ, the infant Lord."

The willing executioner
Received the direful word, and drew
The striking sword, the piercing spear,
And all the tender nurslings slew.

What profit, Herod, this to thee?
What help can such dread crime afford?
Alone of all the infants, see,
Borne safe and harmless is the Lord.

To God the Sire be glory meet,
To Jesus whom the Virgin bore,
And to the Heavenly Paraclete,
One God, one praise forevermore.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Salvete, Flores Martyrum

(From the Roman Breviary)

HAIL, tender wreath of flowers, whose day
Of beauty, crossed by tyrant spite,
Was offered, as a budding spray
Of roses to the Lord of light.

Yours was the foremost glory given
To martyrdom; O shining throng,
Ye play amid the halls of heaven
With palm and crown in holy song.

Jesus, to thee be glory meet,
Who fill'st the nations with thy rays,
And to the Sire and Paraclete
Be equal glory, power and praise.

A MORNING HYMN

Ales Diei Nuntius

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE bird that heralds in the day
Sings out his knell of passing night,
And Christ, whose love is still our stay,
Recalls our souls to love and light.

He speaketh, "Leave your beds in haste,
No more in ease and sloth abide,
Be sober, righteous, just and chaste,
And watch, for I am at your side."

We call thee, Lord, in psalm and song,
With prayers and tears we come to thee;
Lord, let our hearts be pure and strong,
From sin and sorrow make us free.

Dispel the cloud of idle sleep,
And break the bands that hold the night,
Our souls from stain of evil keep,
And grant us, Lord, thy holy light.

To God the Father glory be,
The same to Christ, the sole-born Son,
And Holy Ghost eternally,
One God, one praise as ages run.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST

Quicumque Christum Quaeritis

(From the Roman Breviary)

O THOU who seek'st the Christ to find,
Uplift thine eyes on high;
For lo! to every humble mind
His glory fills the sky.

His mighty wonders there behold,
In boundless fields of light,
Sublime, eternal, and as old
As heaven and ancient night.

Here is the nation's King indeed,
Here Israel's mighty Lord,
To Abraham promised and his seed,
Forevermore adored.

To him each prophet witnesseth,
By word and sign sincere;
Acknowledged by the Sire, who saith,
"Behold, believe and hear!"

To Jesus, who his light displays
To babes, all glory be,
To Sire and Spirit equal praise
For all eternity.

MORNING HYMN

Nox et Tenebrae et Nubilae

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE clouds, the shadows, and the night
Long held in gloom both earth and sky,
Light enters, and the heavens grow bright,
Christ comes, and lo, the shadows fly.

The blinding fog is pierced amain,
By shining arrows of the sun,
Earth's golden rays return again,
The glory of the morn is won.

The light is thine, O Christ! we see
Thy glory in the open day;
With tears and songs we come to thee;
Lift up and guide our souls, we pray.

Cleanse us from stain of sinful pride,
And warm us in thy living light;
Thou art our heavenly lamp, our guide;
Shine in thy sweetness, clear and bright.

To God the Father, glory be,
And equal glory to the Son,
The same, O Paraclete, to thee,
Forever reigning, three in one.

BEHOLD THE GOLDEN LIGHT

Lux Ecce Surgit Aurea

(From the Roman Breviary)

BEHOLD, the golden light appears,
The blinding shadows pass away,
That filled our souls with shuddering fears,
And led our feeble feet astray.

Fair weather cometh with the morn;
Its radiance purifies the soul;
It drives away deceit and scorn,
And clears the heart of gloom and dole.

Lord, in thy day no sin shall be,
Each tongue be true and just each hand,
Our eyes no evil thing shall see,
Nor deed of guile on earth be planned.

Thy gaze, O Lord, is on our way,
Thou walk'st a guardian by our side,
Thou see'st our every act each day
From earliest dawn to eventide.

To God the Father glory be,
With equal love the Son adore,
And, Holy Paraclete, to thee
Be praise and power forevermore.

SEDULIUS

A NATIVE of Ireland, born about the year 400, Sedulius was an eminent poet, orator and divine. For love of learning he left his native country and travelled into France, Italy and Asia. He settled at length in Rome, where he came to be held in high esteem for his great accomplishments.

He is said by some to have become a bishop under Theodosius the Great.

The two following hymns are taken from an abecedary on the life of Christ, and are used in the Roman Breviary for Christmas Day and the Epiphany.

Facts are wanting as to the dates of his birth and death.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

A Solis Ortus Cardine

(From the Roman Breviary)

FROM where the sun awakes the morn
Unto his utmost westering,
We sing the Christ, the Virgin-born,
The Prince of heaven and earth we sing.

Behold, the God of ages comes
And taketh flesh of humble clay;
Man's Maker man's poor form assumes
To wash the stains of flesh away.

A virgin's womb becomes the shrine
That holds the Lord of heaven and earth,
Through stainless maid, by grace divine,
The God-child hath his wondrous birth.

Her modest breast is made his home,
The temple of her God is she;
Enshrined in Mary's spotless womb,
He comes the world from doom to free.

He comes upon this happy morn,
Announced by angel's heralding,
Known by the Baptist, yet unborn,
Adoring in the womb his King.

On lowly bed of hay he lies,
His palace but a stable poor;
The God that rules the earth and skies
Doth all our wants and woes endure.

The angel choirs rejoice on high,
Through radiant skies their voices ring,
The shepherds see the blazing sky,
And bow before the Infant King.

All praise and power and glory be
To Jesus whom the Virgin bore;
Father, be equal meed to thee
And to the Spirit evermore.

HYMN FOR EPIPHANY

Crudelis Herodes Deum

(From the Roman Breviary)

WHY fear the coming of the king,
O cruel Herod? Christ, the Son
Asks nought of earth, but comes to bring
To all who seek, a heavenly throne.

The Magi follow through the night
The mystic star that goes before;
By light, they seek the Lord of Light,
The King and God whom they adore.

Oh, purer than the morning ray,
Celestial Lamb, thou comest to bear
Our sins, and wash our guilt away,
That we with thee, God's love may share.

O Fount of Love! O power divine!
We bow before thy holy might;
Thy word makes water pour as wine;
Thy love brings day unto our night.

Jesus to thee be glory meet,
Who shinest o'er earth in light and love,
So to the Sire and Paraclete
Let earth resound and heaven above.

ELPIS

WIFE of the illustrious Roman writer and statesman, Boetius, Elpis was born, perhaps not later than 475, of a noble Sicilian family. In 500, when King Theodoric came to Rome he made Boetius master of the palace. He was chosen consul three times, and his two sons, by Elpis, were made consuls in their nonage, in 523.

Her husband was cruelly put to death by the barbarian king in 525, and his estates confiscated; but these were restored to Elpis, who survived Boetius, by the king's daughter Amalasunta, on the death of Theodoric, which took place soon after the martyrdom of Boetius. It is not known when the death of Elpis occurred.

Elpis was noted as a lady of great learning, wit and beauty.

The following hymn is divided, and adapted for three several hymns in the Roman Breviary, one for January 25, the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, the other two for June 29, the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

TO STS. PETER AND PAUL, APOSTLES

Decora Lux Aeternitatis

ETERNAL glory, with the streaming ray
Of holy fire, has filled the golden day,
Crowning with light the apostolic chiefs,
And opening through the stars their luminous way.

The guide of earth, the guard of heaven's gate,
Fathers of Rome and lords of every state,
Death was their triumph by the sword and cross,
The martyr's laurel is their crown elate.

Kind Shepherd, Peter, unto thee was given
The keys to close and ope the gates of heaven;
Strike from our souls the galling chain of crime,
And gain the grace for which our hearts have striven

O learned Paul, inspire us from above
With all the graces of the Heavenly Dove;
Bring us the faith to see the truth of God,
And brighten earth with the sweet reign of love.

O happy Rome, that by their martyr blood
Art glorified and consecrate; the flood
Thy gates emblazon; through the flying years
Fairest of earthly cities hast thou stood.

Unto the everlasting Trinity
All power and praise and jubilation be;
One God eternal ruling heaven and earth;
Thy name is holy; Lord we worship thee.

FORTUNATUS

VENANTIUS HONORIUS CLEMENTIANUS FORTUNATUS, the chief Latin poet of his time, was born in Italy, not far from Treviso, in the year 530.

He studied at Ravenna, and became an able grammarian and rhetorician. He was the author of a number of books both in prose and verse. He wrote the life of St. Martin of Tours in verse, and compiled biographies, in prose, of a number of saints; but, says Alban Butler, these lives "are barren of facts and filled with relations of miracles." His prose is stiff and mechanical, while most of his poetry is harmonious, animated, and possesses an easy rhythmical flow.

He fled from the swords of the barbarians at Ravenna, and settled at Tours in 565. He was afterwards invited to Poitiers by St. Radegund, the cloistered queen of France, where he became her private secretary, was ordained priest, and on the death of Plato, bishop of Poitiers, in 595, he was chosen to fill that See some years after the death of Radegund.

His life of St. Radegund, different from his other prose works, is a useful narrative of the actions and virtues of that holy woman.

In 566, the Emperor Justin, sent on the queen's request a fragment of the true Cross from Constantinople, adorned with gold and precious stones, to be deposited

in the Sanctuary of the Holy Cross, which she had erected at Poitiers.

It was on that occasion that the hymns, *Vexilla Regis*, and *Pange Lingua* were composed by Fortunatus, and these were sung for the first time on the arrival of the relic. Since that time they have been used in the whole church. The *Pange Lingua* is spoken of by Daniel as one of the most beautiful of the Latin hymns, and Randolph places the *Vexilla Regis* among the seven great hymns of the Mediæval Church. The hymn, *Ave Maris Stella*, assigned by Wackernagel and others to Fortunatus, is perhaps the most popular of all the hymns to the Blessed Virgin.

Fortunatus died, probably, December 4, 609, and his name is honoured at Poitiers among the saints on that day.

ON THE HOLY CROSS

Crux Benedicta Nitet

BRIGHT is the benedight cross, where the Lord,
in his agony hanging,
Washes our wounds in his blood, bathing and healing
our souls.

Urged by his tender love, he has offered himself as a
victim,
Yielded his life as a lamb, saving the flock from the
wolf.

There by his bleeding palms he has saved the nations
from ruin;
And by his sacred death closed the gate of the grave.

Pierced by the merciless nails, here see we the hand
that will later
Rescue Paul from his crime, rescue Peter from death.

Wonderful tree! what wealth of fertility goes to thy
springing,
That on thy branches thou bear'st fruit of such mar-
vellous kind.

Marvellous fruit! by whose quickening odor the dead
from their graves rise,
And unto life return they that were worn with the day.

Under thy sheltering leaves we feel not the heat of the
summer,
Neither at noon shall the sun burn, nor the moon in
the night.

Fair as a tree that is set by the running waters thou
standest
Spreading thy branches wide, robed in the glory of
flowers.

Hangs from thine arms that Vine which is weighed as
the price of salvation,
Rosy the wine that flows, sweet is the cup to our
souls.

VESPER HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

Ave Maris Stella

(From the Roman Breviary)

HAIL, O star of ocean,
Hail, our golden door,
Mother of the Mighty,
Virgin Evermore.

By the angel's "Ave!"
Thou didst fain receive,
Change our grief to glory,
Be our better Eve.

Break the bonds of sorrow,
Bring our souls thy light;
By thy tender radiance
Guide us through the night.

Be indeed our mother,
Help us in our need;
Lift thy voice to Jesus,
He will hear and heed.

Virgin of all virgins,
Thee our queen we seek;
Fire with love our bosoms,
Make us chaste and meek.

Raise our hearts in rapture,
Lead us on the way,
To thy Son, Lord Jesus,
In eternal day.

Praise to God the Father
And the Saviour be,
With the Holy Spirit,
Reigning one in three.

A HYMN FOR MATINS

Quem Terra, Pontus, Sidera

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE God whom earth and skies proclaim,
And all the hosts of heaven adore,
The ruler of the three-fold frame,
The humble womb of Mary bore.

That selfsame power that heaven and earth
Have served since dawn of time began,
From mortal womb hath wondrous birth,
To bear away the sins of man.

O Mother bright! thy blessed soul
He shaped all pure and undefiled;
He holds the world in his control,
Yet in thy arms he lies, a child.

Bride of the Spirit! Blessed One!
Thy name shall sound in psalm and song;
Emmanuel comes, the Virgin's Son,
For whom the world has waited long.

All praise and power and glory meet
To Christ whom spotless Virgin bore,
And to the Sire and Paraclete
Be equal meed forevermore.

A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

O Gloriosa Virginum

(From the Roman Breviary)

O GLORY of Virginitv,
 Fairest of stars upon the skies,
The Master who created thee
 An infant on thy bosom lies.

The blessings lost by Eva's crime
 Thy marvellous motherhood restored,
And oped for man the gate sublime
 Where shines the brightness of the Lord.

Through thee the halls of heaven we gain,
 Thou regent of the golden door;
We hail thee Virgin, void of stain,
 And sound thy praise forevermore.

Jesus to thee be glory meet,
 The Virgin-born, our God and King;
So to the Sire and Paraclete
 Let everlasting praises ring.

THE HOLY CROSS

Vexilla Regis

(From the Roman Breviary)

BEHOLD the standard of the King!
The wondrous cross is borne on high
Whereon the Saviour willed to die,
That out of death new life should spring.

O, wounded by the spear, a flood
Flows from his side in love sublime,
To wash our souls from stain and crime
He sheds the water and the blood.

Fulfilled is all the prophecy
Which David in his holy strain,
Sang to the nations; God doth reign;
Lo, he hath conquered by the tree.

O beauteous tree! O wondrous wood!
Dight with the purple of our king,
Deemed worthy all our hope to bring,
And touch the sacred limbs of God.

O blessed balance, where was weighed
The price of ages; here was brought
The sacred body that hath bought
Our life and our salvation paid.

Hail cross, our only hope! in this
The paschal-tide give added grace;
Let tears of penance bathe each face;
O cleanse our hearts and bring us bliss.

Salvation's fountain, three in one,
Let every spirit praise thy name;
Grant that we may the victory claim,
And evermore thy will be done.

THE CRUCIFIXION

Pange Lingua

FRAME, my tongue, a song of wonder,
Let the noble numbers ring;
Sing the glorious triumph crowning
Our Redeemer, Christ the King;
Sing the sacred immolation
That from death revoked the sting.

By the tree the crime of Adam
Plunged the earth in blighting sin;
From the tree man's woe was measured,
All the evil lay therein;
On the tree, by God's appointment,
Christ must die the world to win.

Thus the work of our salvation
Was by law divine ordained,
Thus by good to ill opposing,

Was the tempter's power restrained;
Whence the evil, thence the healing,
Whence came death true life is gained.

In his holy hour the Saviour
From the halls of heaven is come,
Takes the flesh of human nature;
So to save the flesh from doom;
Born as man, the world's Creator
Issues from a virgin's womb.

In a stable poor and lowly,
He, a tender child is born,
With a manger for a cradle,
Our Redeemer lies forlorn;
Swathing him in bands, the mother
Shields the Babe from shame and scorn.

Thirty years are soon completed,
And the day of woe is nigh;
Comes the hour of man's redemption,
When the Christ is doomed to die;
On the cross, a lamb, uplifted,
Lo! the Lord of earth and sky!

With a crown of thorns they crown him,
And they nail him to the wood,
With a lance they pierce his body
Whence the water and the blood
Flow, till ocean, earth and heaven
Bathe in the redeeming flood.

Faithful cross, a tree so noble
Never grew in grove or wood;
Never leaf or blossom flourished
Fair as on thy branches glowed;
Sweet the wood and sweet the iron
Bearing up so dear a load.

Ah! relax thy native rigour,
Bend thy branches, lofty tree!
Melt, O wood, in tender mercy!
Christ, the King of Glory, see!
Veiled in human sin and sorrow,
Slain, from sin the world to free.

Thou alone art found all worthy
Earth's dread sacrifice to bear;
Thus to save the world from ruin,
And the way to heaven prepare;
By his sacred blood anointed,
Thou, O Tree, art wondrous fair.

Everlasting praise and glory
To the blessed trinity;
Glory to the heavenly Father,
To the Son like glory be;
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
God eternal, one in three.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

ST. GREGORY, a monk of the Benedictine order, and surnamed the Great, on account of his illustrious actions and extraordinary virtues, was born at Rome about 540, and died in the same city on December 12, 604.

On the death of Pope Pelagius II. in January, 590, Gregory was unanimously chosen to fill the papacy, although much against his wishes. It is said that he opposed his own election with all his power. He was the first monk to ascend the Apostolical See.

His humility through life was only equalled by his wonderful ability. He impressed the seal of humility upon the papacy itself by adopting as his title "The servant of the servants of God."

Some time before his elevation, he had observed some Saxon youths exposed for sale as slaves in the market place. Struck with their beauty, he asked to what country they belonged; and being told they were "Angles," he replied that they might better be called angels. Then with a sigh he said it was a pity that the prince of darkness should enjoy so fair a prey; and that men with so fine an outside should have none of God's grace for their internal adornment.

He resolved at once to undertake the mission to Britain and, having obtained permission from Pope Pelagius, he was already on his way, when the people of Rome,

among whom the popularity of Gregory was very great, raised so much opposition to his departure, that the Pope felt obliged to recall him. It was not as a missionary but as a Pope that he was to win England to the church. He afterwards sent St. Augustine on the mission, who in 597 arrived in Kent with forty monks to preach the gospel to the English.

Gregory rendered noble services to the Liturgy. He put in order the work of his predecessors and gave its definitive form to the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

The Gregorian Chant is a monument to his skill as a sacred musician. "He had the glory," says Montalembert, "of giving to ecclesiastical music that sweet and solemn, and, at the same time, popular and durable character, which has descended through ages, and to which we must always return after the most prolonged aberrations of frivolity and innovation."

He established at Rome a school of music to which all Christian nations sent representatives.

According to mediæval legend, it was while considering the fascination exercised by profane music, that Gregory was led to inquire whether he could not, like David, consecrate music to the service of God. One night he had a vision in which the church appeared to him in the form of a muse, writing her songs and gathering her children under the folds of her mantle. Upon this mantle was written the whole art of music, with all the forms of its tones, notes, neumes, and various measures and symphonies. He prayed to God to give him the power of recollecting all he saw. After he awoke

a dove appeared and dictated to him the musical compositions with which he has enriched the church.

He served in his own school as a teacher of music and singing.

Gregory has been falsely accused of possessing a contempt for literature and science, and of having destroyed certain ancient monuments and writings. These imputations date no further back than the twelfth century. The writers of his own time show him as a highly educated and wise man, surrounded by the most learned priests and monks of his day, and as John the deacon, his biographer, says, "he made the seven liberal arts noble pillars of the portico of the Apostolical Chair."

St. Gregory the Great ranks next to St. Ambrose in the number of hymns contributed to the church services.

I have placed the Works of Days among his poems for, although it is customary to count them as Ambrosiana, the better opinion is that most if not all were written by Gregory.

THE WORKS OF THE DAYS

Lucis Creator Optime

(From the Roman Breviary)

First day. Genesis 1: 1-5

DIVINE creator of the light,
Who, bringing forth the golden ray,
Didst join the morning with the night
And call the blessed union day;

We bow to thee, whose mighty word
Made time begin and heaven move;
Hear thou our tearful prayer, O Lord,
And warm us with the light of love.

Lord, let no crime our souls oppress,
Or keep us from thy law divine;
Oh guard us by thy saving grace
And make our wills accord with thine.

Still may we seek thy heavenly seat,
And strive eternal life to gain;
Oh, keep us in thy mercy sweet,
And cleanse our souls from earthly stain.

Immense Coeli Conditor

Second day. Genesis 1: 6-8

ALMIGHTY Maker of the skies,
Thy power the mingled waters clave,
And bade the clouds on high to rise
And fixed with bounds the ocean wave.

So shall the moistening rain and dew
Temper the flaming heats of noon;
So shall the year its wealth renew
Of vernal'glow and harvest boon.

Grant to our souls, O Lord of Love,
The gift of thy perennial grace,
Lest evil should our senses move
And bring again the old disgrace.

Let faith increase the fire of love,
And bring the glory of thy light,
Let all our dreams come from above,
And banish every deed of night.

Telluris Alme Conditor

Third Day. Genesis 1: 9-13

KIND Builder of the earth, thy hand
Confined the currents of the sea,
And fixed with bounds the stable land
Above the raging waters free.

Then earth brought forth the tender green,
The wealth and glow of fruit and flower;
O'er all the world thy love was seen,
O'er all the world was felt thy power.

So clothe, O Lord, my barren soul
In brightening beauty of thy grace,
Her every hope and deed control,
And let no grovelling thought have place.

Thy will be hers forever, Lord,
And far from evil's poisonous breath
Let her rejoice in thy sweet word,
Nor ever know the stroke of death.

Coeli Deus Sanctissime

Fourth day. Genesis 1: 14-19

MOST Holy God, who dost adorn
With shining spheres the brow of night,
And bringest to the rosy morn
The tender glow of growing light.

Thy fourth day's labour fired the sun,
And sent the moon upon her way,
And gave each orb its course to run,
As guiding signs by night and day.

The moon and stars to rule the night,
The sun to bring his warming glow,

Thus ever changing, dark or bright,
The days and months and seasons flow.

Lord, fire our breasts with holy light,
That we may know thy law sublime;
Drive from our heart all deeds of night,
And cleanse the soul of guilt and crime.

Magnae Deus Potentiae

Fifth day. Genesis 1: 20-23

ALMIGHTY God, thy mercy gave
The teeming life of sea and sky,
The fish to welter in the wave,
The bird to sing and soar on high.

So for the flowing waters formed,
The finny tribe shall multiply;
So in the pleasant sunshine warmed,
The feathered race shall throng the sky.

Grant unto us, thy servants, Lord,
Imbathed in thy all-cleansing blood,
To cling unto thy saving word,
That sin and death may be withstood.

Lord, let no weltering thoughts oppress,
Nor soaring pride the bosom swell,
To wreck the soul with wretchedness,
Or lead her unto deeds of hell.

Hominis Superne Conditor

Sixth day. Genesis 1: 24-31

MAKER of man, thou God of Might,
Thy will commanded earth to bring
Out of its womb, to life and light,
The cattle and the creeping thing.

The wonders of thy mighty plan,
The wealth and power of land and sea,
Are subject, by thy word, to man,
His will controls the world for thee.

Then Lord, subdue all false desire,
From every evil keep us free,
Inflame our souls with holy fire,
And lift our aims to heaven and thee.

O, be thyself our sweet reward,
Light up our hearts with saving grace,
Bring all mankind to sweet accord,
And fit us for thy dwelling place.

Doxology

Most gracious Father, hear our cry,
Hear thou, O Sole and equal Son,
And holy Paraclete, on high,
Forever reigning, three in one.

A MORNING HYMN

O Sol Salutis Intimis

(From the Roman Breviary)

O SUN of our salvation, rise,
 Illumine our souls with light divine;
Drive night and darkness from the skies,
 And let thy day of mercy shine.

Grant that we may with streaming tears
 Wash from the heart all stain of sin,
And freed from worldly joys and fears,
 Kindle the fire of love therein.

Seal up the fount of sin, and bring
 The sigh of sorrow and the smart;
So shall the rod of penance wring
 With softening grief the hardened heart.

Thy day of glory comes; the glow
 Shall every hollow fill and height;
And we rejoicing, Lord, shall go
 In safety, guided by thy light.

Benignant Trinity, to thee
 The world shall bow; the weak and strong
Shall call upon thy name; and we,
 Renewed in grace, lift up the song.

A LENTEN HYMN

Audi, Benigne Conditor

(From the Roman Breviary)

BENIGN Creator of the spheres!
Hear thou the prayers, behold the tears,
That in this holy season we
With Lenten fastings, pour to thee.

Searcher of hearts, we seek thy throne,
Man's feeble will to thee is known,
We bow in grief and pardon crave,
From error, Lord, thy suppliants save.

Much have we sinned in deed and word,
We bare our hearts before thee, Lord;
Thy tender clemency we seek,
Oh heal our wounded souls and weak.

Grant that we may the body cleanse
Of sinful stain through abstinence,
May lift our fasting hearts to thee,
From all defiling evils free.

O tender Godhead, three in one!
Be ours the will all crime to shun,
To know and keep thy laws divine,
And be the fruits of fasting thine.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR

Salvator Mundi Domine

DEAR Jesus, Saviour of the world,
Our Saviour be to-day;
Protect our hearts in darkness hurled,
And guide us in thy way.

Haste, tender Christ, our souls to bless;
We bow before thy might;
Blot from our lives all sinfulness;
Be thou our beacon light.

With thee for guide we fear no foe,
No phantoms shall oppress;
Our souls no sinful stain shall know,
But feel thy blessedness.

We pray thee, Lord, our souls to raise,
Our bosoms purify,
That we may rise and sing thy praise
In holy chastity.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
And Holy Ghost, the same to thee
While endless ages run.

EARLY MORNING HYMN

Rerum Creator Optime

(From the Roman Breviary)

CREATOR of the earth and skies,
Our blessed guide, we call on thee;
Look down upon our miseries,
From sin and sorrow make us free.

Dear Christ, to thee we come for aid,
Look not upon our faults, we pray;
To thee our grateful thanks are paid
Before the night has passed away.

We lift our hearts and hands to thee,
As prophet bade and Paul hath shown;
While darkness yet holds land and sea
We seek thee; hear our earnest moan.

Thou see'st the evil we have done,
Each deed before thee open lies;
Thy pardon send, O Holy One!
In pity heed our prayers and cries.

Father of mercy, unto thee
Be glory; to the sole-born Son
And Spirit equal honour be,
One God forever, three in one.

A HYMN FOR LENT

Ex More Docti Mystico

(From the Roman Breviary)

BY holy custom taught, we raise
Our minds and hearts the Lord to serve,
And through the space of forty days
The fasts and laws of Lent observe.

By ancient rule and prophet's word
The sacred custom first was taught;
And in the desert Christ the Lord
The rite unto perfection brought.

Be ours to practice temperance spare,
In word, in food, in drink, in sleep;
Our pleasures curb, while, bowed in prayer,
A guard upon our wills we keep.

And let us shun each evil thought
That undermines the restless soul,
And bring the tempter's power to nought
By spirits bound in close control.

We kneel before thee, Lord, and weep;
Thine ire is just; our judge thou art;
We cry with suppliant voice, and keep
Our hope in thee, with humbled heart.

Our deeds insult thee, Lord of love;
And yet thy clemency we seek;
Pour forth thy mercy from above;
Thou know'st our hearts, how base and weak.

Remember, Father, we are thine,
Preserve us from the stain of sin;
Grant us to love thy name divine,
To know thy law and dwell therein.

Forgive the evil we have done;
The blessing that we need, increase;
Inflame our hearts all crime to shun,
And keep our souls in endless peace.

Honour be thine, Eternal Three,
Thou single Godhead, just, benign,
Let all our lives be turned to thee,
And be the fruits of fasting thine.

A HYMN FOR MATINS

Tu Trinitatis Unitas

(From the Roman Breviary)

THOU triune God, eternal King,
Almighty ruler of the spheres,
Hark to the song of praise we bring,
And hear and heed our psalms and tears.

For we, arising out of sleep
Amid the darkness of the night
Beseech thee, Lord, our souls to keep,
And heal our wounds with holy light.

Whate'er of evil we have done
Lured by the tempter's foul deceit,
O wash away, thou Holy One,
And bring us to thy mercy sweet.

Lord, be our bodies chaste and pure,
Thy love let every bosom feel,
Keep thou our lives from sin secure,
And fire our souls with holy zeal.

For this, Redeemer, thee we seek,
For this we call thee in the night;
Uplift and help, for we are weak,
And guide us by thy heavenly light.

Father of mercy, hear our prayer,
And thou, O sole-begotten Son,
And Holy Spirit, yield thy care,
Eternal Godhead, three in one.

SUNDAY MORNING HYMN

Primo Die Quo Trinitas

(From the Roman Breviary)

THIS day the blessed Trinity
Upbuilded by creative word
The earth; this day the risen Lord
O'er death a victor, made us free.
Then casting off all lethargy,
Arise and sing in sweet accord;
While yet 'tis night be God adored —
The prophet bids, — so let it be.

Seek we the Lord in humble prayer,
That he may stretch his hand and save,
And lift each soul above the grave,
The living joys of heaven to share;
With hymns and orisons prepare,
Ere yet the dawn is on the wave;
Sing out the praise of him that gave
All blessed gifts, and crave his care.

Yea, now, O Fount of living light,
Thy tender guidance we require;
Keep from our hearts the fleshly fire,
And lead us from the deeds that blight.
Oh be our bodies in thy sight
So purified from foul desire,
That, all appeased thy righteous ire,
Thou bring us to thy holy height.

Redeemer of the world, thou Sun
Of justice, thee do we entreat;
Oh wash our hearts from stain complete,
And be our souls to glory won!
To God the Father and the Son
Be praise and love and glory meet,
And unto thee, O Paraclete,
Eternal Godhead, three in one.

AT MATINS

Nocte Surgentes

(From the Roman Breviary)

FROM slumber's bonds, before the day,
Uprising, let us watch and pray;
Let all on psalm and sacred word
Now meditate, and in accord
Praise God with consecrated lay.

So, joining with the choirs on high,
The songs shall sound through earth and sky,
In praise of our eternal King;
O Father! let thy mercy bring
Our souls to endless ecstasy.

Be with us, Lord, by day and night,
The Father's Godhead, power and might,
So of the sole-begotten Son
And Holy Ghost; as ages run
One praise shall fill the world with light.

AT MATINS¹

(Another Version)

RISE we, now, ere dawn, and begin our watching,
Lift our hearts in psalms, and in meditation;
And with voices tuned to the Lord, in music
Sing his sweet anthems.

Let us join our songs with the choirs supernal,
In unending praise to the King of mercy,
So our souls may come to the halls of splendour
Shining eternal.

Be thou blessed, O God, in thy might tremendous,
Spirit, Sire and Son, thou art God eternal,
One forevermore; let thy praise and glory
Sound through the ages.

AT DAYBREAK

Ecce Jam Noctis

(From the Roman Breviary)

LO, now the shadows of the night
Are passing by; the changing light
Purples the skies of morn; and we
Our suppliant voices lift to thee
In Prayer and song, O God of might!

¹ In the Sapphics of the original.

Let all thy mercies, Lord, increase
Upon our erring hearts; surcease
Of sorrow bring; and make us free
From sin and shame and misery,
And grant us everlasting peace.

Unto the Father glory raise
With love and joy, in hymns of praise;
So to the sole-begotten Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Resounding to the end of days.

AT DAYBREAK ¹

(Another Version)

LO, the night goes by with its gloomy shadows,
And the skies grow fair in the light of morning,
Lord, we come to thee and our suppliant voices
Lift up before thee.

Be thy mercy shown to our feeble nature,
Sin and shame and woe from our bosoms banish;
Everlasting peace, in thy halls of splendour,
Grant us, O Saviour.

Be thou with us, Lord, and be thine all glory,
God eternal, Sire, with the Son and Spirit,
Heaven and earth shall ring with unending praises
Down through the ages.

¹ In the Sapphics of the original.

A HYMN FOR PENTECOST

Veni Creator Spiritus

(From the Roman Breviary)

COME, Spirit of the mighty word,
We need thy presence and thy aid;
Be thy supernal graces poured
Into the breasts which thou hast made.

Well art thou called the Paraclete,
Thy mercies comfort and condole,
The fount of life, the love, the heat,
The soothing unction of the soul.

Bearer of sevenfold blessedness,
Finger of God to guide and teach,
Shedding from heaven the promised grace,
Enriching tongues with holy speech;

Kindle our senses with thy light,
Thy love into our bosoms pour,
Sustain each weakness with thy might,
And raise our souls forevermore.

Drive from our path the evil one;
Bring gentle peace to crown our day;
With thee before us leading on,
We shall not into error stray.

Grant, that we may the Father know,
And feel the love of Christ the Son,
Through thee; and in thy holy glow
Forever see the Three in one.

Be glory to the Father given,
And to the risen Son, and thee,
O Holy Ghost; let earth and heaven
Ring with one praise eternally.

EUGENIUS

THE date of birth of Eugenius is not definitely known. It is believed to have occurred in the later part of the sixth century. He was a theologian of note, and counted among the most learned men of his age. At the time of his death in 657, he was archbishop of Toledo, which See he had held for twelve years.

He was a prelate of eminent sanctity and the author of several pious epigrams. His most noted poetical production was called the "Hexaemeron," being a description of the six days of creation.

The following poem is now translated for the first time into English. It is valuable, not only for certain poetical merits, which it possesses, but as a good expression of the ideal of a Christian gentleman and scholar of the early years of Christianity. I have attempted to imitate the hexameters of the original.

THE PRAYER OF EUGENIUS

Rex Deus, Immensi

MONARCH of infinite majesty, Maker and Lord
of creation,
Feeble and vile at thy feet I dare to implore thee for
favours; —

Give me the vigour to govern my will like a king in his
kingdom;
Soften my spirit with kindness, and open my mind to
thy glory;
Let me live in thy faith, all sects and falsehoods resisting,
Make me in deed and desire a servant worthy thy ser-
vice.

Grant that love may be mine; make me truthful, humble
and prudent;
Silent when wisdom requires, and always cautious in
language.
Bless me with faithful companions, with friendships
fast and enduring,
And with a servant chaste and kind and careful and
willing.

Give me not over to poverty's pains, nor to languor's
allurements;

Only the needful I crave, but health as a constant companion.

Keep me from riches and envy; from arrogance, quarrel
and law suits,

Gluttony's foul desires, and luxury's gratifications.

No one by crime let me harm, from no one by crime
let me suffer, —

Let not my will from justice turn, nor my thoughts
toward evil;

Nothing unworthy be found in will or in word or in
action;

Utterance, spirit and 'deed, let them sing thee, desire
thee and show thee;

Grant, I beseech, such power, as shall overcome all
temptation,

While in the race of life my running shall gain me the
trophy.

Then when the hour of death shall come, and my spirit
soars upward,

Let thy mercy awake, and bless me, O Lord, with thy
pardon.

Glory be thine forever, of heaven and earth the creator,
Triune God that reignest, alone over all through the
ages.

PAUL THE DEACON

PAUL was born in Italy in 735, and died in 798. He was known as a historian and a poet, and was one of the learned men whom Charlemagne invited to aid him in establishing the great school of the Emperor's palace.

His famous hymn on St. John the Baptist has been divided in the Roman Breviary into the following three, for Vespers, Matins and Lauds.

This hymn is noted as having afforded Guido of Arezzo the names of the notes of the musical scale.

The hymn was a great favourite in the Middle Ages. It was thought that its recitation would induce pure musical tones.

VESPER HYMN TO ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

Ut Queant Laxis

AS we thy servants will to bring
Thy deeds before the world and sing
Thy name, St. John, as should be sung,
Cleanse thou the lips and loose the tongue,
That so thy praise may fitly ring.

When Gabriel from God's presence came,
And stood before the altar flame,
With tidings of thy coming birth
And of thy deeds of heavenly worth,
He brought from God thy holy name.

Thy Father's faith was sorely wrung;
Doubting the message tied his tongue;
And dumb, till past thy natal hour,
Thy name restored his vocal power,
And filled his soul with flowing song.

While closed within thy mother's womb
Thou didst perceive the Christ to come,
And give thy mother to disclose
The unborn King, ere yet he rose
To wrest the world from death and doom.

HYMN FOR MATINS

Antra Deserti

FOR years thy spirit found it well
Within a desert cave to dwell,
To fly the crowds, that so no vain
Or evil deed thy life should stain,
Nor idle thought thy tongue should tell.

Thy limbs were clothed in camel's hair,
A leathern girdle didst thou wear,
Thy drink was water from the flood,
And the wild honey of the wood,
With the shrill locust, all thy fare.

The prophets sang, in sacred lay,
The brightness of the coming day;
Thy soul the glory saw, and calm
Proclaimed the presence of the Lamb,
Who came to bear our sins away.

The world shall ever sing thy worth,
Great Saint; it knows no holier birth
Than thine, whose hands the water poured
Upon the forehead of thy Lord,
The Lamb of God, who cleansed the earth.

All glory to the Father be
And sole-begotten Son, to thee,

While to the Holy Ghost we raise
An equal meed of love and praise,
One God, one rule, eternally.

HYMN FOR LAUDS

O Nimis Felix

GREAT Saint, thy worth is heavenly high;
No stain is on thy purity;
Most potent martyr, lo, we bring
The seemly song of praise, and sing
With voices sounding to the sky.

Of crowns thrice ten the angels weave
For other martyrs; some receive
A double glory; but to thee
Three hundred shining wreaths shall be
Of fruit and flower, in sacred sheaf.

Enrich our souls with strength, we pray;
Pluck from our breasts all faults away;
O, smooth our rugged road, and be
Our guide, that we the light may see
Across the hills, of God's white day.

So through thy prayers the Lord shall bless
And light our souls with holiness,
Shall lift our heavy hearts, and deign
To wash away all worldly stain,
In the clear fountain of his grace.

Now, with the heavenly choirs we raise
To thee, O Trinity, all praise,
We bow in prayer before thy throne,
Redeem and save us, Holy One,
And fill with light our lonely ways.

ST. PAULINUS OF AQUILEIA

ONE of the most illustrious and holy prelates of the eighth century, St. Paulinus, was born about the year 726, in a country farm not far from Friuli, and died in Aquileia, January 11, 804, although his feast is held in some places on January 28.

He was one of the saintly and learned men whom Charlemagne invited to assist in building up his great school of the Palace.

He was appointed in 776 as Patriarch of Aquileia, which dignity had then but recently been annexed to that See.

He was honoured by Charlemagne with the titles "Master of Grammar," and "Very Venerable," and the Emperor required his presence at all his great councils.

The Church has adapted in the Roman Breviary the fourth stanza of the following hymn for the feast of St. Peter's chains, and the fifth stanza for the feast of St. Peter's chair at Rome.

THE APOSTLES, PETER AND PAUL

Felix Per Omnes Festum

THROUGH earth's wide bounds the honoured festival
Of blessed Peter and of Holy Paul
Is kept in happy memory, and maintained
To grace whom Christ's redeeming blood ordained
Among the apostles princes over all.

Two olives they on God's eternal height,
Two candlesticks that gleam with heavenly light,
Resplendent stars that glorify the skies;
The words that ope the gates of Paradise,
And break the bonds of sin by gentle might.

Their word has power to close the golden bar,
Or bare the thresholds, where the angels are;
Their tongues are keys that guard the golden light
Of God's high justice; they uphold the right,
And drive all falsehood from the earth afar.

Peter most wondrously, at Christ's command,
The iron fetters broke from foot and hand,
And so came forth, defender of the fold,
The teacher of God's people, calm and bold,
A tower of strength to guard the little band.

Whate'er on earth he bindeth, by decree
Is bound among the stars eternally;
And what his will shall loose on earth, behold!
'Tis loosed forever in the halls of gold;
The judge of all the ages he shall be.

No less in glory is the teacher Paul,
Who, persecuting, heard the Saviour call;
Lamps of the Church, and equal in renown,
Partners in death, and sharers of one crown,
Amid the skies their light surpasseth all.

O Happy Rome! that art empurpled by
The precious blood of princes; thou canst vie
In beauty with the world; not by thine own,
But by their merits, is thy glory known,
Whose blessed bones beneath thy pavement lie.

O blessed Peter, and O Paul, the flower
Of earth, triumphant chiefs in holy power,
Look on the world in pity, heed our cares,
Protect us from all evil by your prayers;
Guide and uplift us to the heavenly tower.

Unto the Sire eternal praises sing,
And let the chorus to the Son outring,
And to the Holy Spirit, one in three;
An everlasting song of glory be
To God the everlasting Lord and King.

THEODULPHUS

THEODULPHUS was educated in the school of the Palace of Charlemagne, and according to the custom of that age, and particularly of that school, assumed, for himself the title of Pindar. This was on account of his supposed lyric power.

He became bishop of Orleans about the first part of the ninth century and died while occupying that See in 821.

For some reason, which does not clearly appear, he is said to have been confined for a time by Louis the Debonair, son and successor of Charlemagne, in a prison at Angers, during which time the following hymn is said to have been written. The story states that the Bishop sang the new hymn from his dungeon window as the emperor was passing to the Cathedral on Palm Sunday, in the year 821, and that as a result the bishop was liberated from his captivity.

The hymn is still used in the church as a processional hymn on Palm Sunday.

HYMN FOR PALM SUNDAY

Gloria, Laus et Honor

ALL glory, praise and honour
To thee, O Christ, we bring,
And sing like Sion's children,
Hozannas to our King.

For thou art King, Lord Jesus,
Of David's royal line,
And blest are all who serve thee
And call thy name divine.

The saints and holy angels
Exalt in heaven thy name,
And men on earth forever
Thy glory shall proclaim.

As came the Jews to meet thee
With palms upon the way,
So we with prayerful voices
Lift up our songs to-day.

As they loud praises paid thee
Upon the road of pain,
So we with sounding music
Salute thy endless reign.

As their devotion pleased thee,
So be our offering, —
The song, the prayer, the praises,
We bring thee, gentle King.

RABANUS MAURUS

ONE of the most learned and holy men of his age, Rabanus Maurus was born in Germany about the year 800.

While Abbot of Fulda, he made that house the greatest nursery of science in Europe.

He was Archbishop of Mentz from 847 to 856, when he died on February 4, on which day his name appears in certain private German martyrologies, though he has never been publicly honored among the saints.

Most of the hymns for the feasts of saints and angels are believed to have been composed by Rabanus. All the following hymns are found in the Roman Breviary.

VESPER HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS

Placare Christe Servulis

O SOOTHE thy servants' woes, and bring
Our souls to thee, most clement King;
We seek before thy mercy seat
The Virgin's intercession sweet.

And ye, O blessed ones, who move
In circles near the throne of love,
Shield us from all iniquity,
Or past, or present, or to be.

Ye prophets and apostles, hear;
Lift up before the Judge severe
Our tearful prayers, and give your voice,
That he may bid our souls rejoice.

Ye noble martyrs of the Lord,
And white-robed preachers of the word,
Behold us exiled, bowed in gloom;
Oh guide us to our heavenly home.

Ye holy bands of virgins chaste,
And godly dwellers of the waste,
Now glorified with God, look down,
And help us to the heavenly crown.

Lord save us from the poisonous breath
Of heresy, that bringeth death;
So all thy people, joined as one,
Shall bow before thy heavenly throne.

To God the Father glory be,
And sole-begotten Son to thee,
And to the Spirit, three in one
While everlasting ages run.

MORNING HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS

Salutis Aeternae Dator

O SAVIOUR, Fount of heavenly life,
Assist us in our earthly strife;
Thou pitying Virgin, hear our cries,
And raise us from our miseries.

Angelic hosts our needs attend;
Ye holy patriarchs, defend;
Ye choirs of prophets, by your prayers,
Protect us from unholy snares.

Herald of Christ, we call on thee;
And thou that hold'st the golden key;
Apostles all, your voice we claim,
Dissolve the bonds of sin and shame.

Triumphant martyrs of the Lord;
Ye holy preachers of the word;

And virgins chaste; to you we pray;
Wash all our sinful stains away.

All ye among the halls of heaven,
To whom the light of love is given,
In pity hear our cries, — that we
The glory of God's face may see.

All praise and honour, power and love
To God the Sire who rules above,
Unto the Son like glory be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

HYMN TO THE ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL

Tibi Cbriste Splendor Patris

JESUS, unto thee, the splendour
Of the Father's face, we sing;
Mighty, meek, forgiving, tender,
All our hope from thee we bring;
Praise with angel choirs we render,
Glad hozannas to our King.

Voicing songs of veneration,
All the heavenly chiefs we praise,
Lift our hymns in loud laudation;
But to Raphael we upraise
Special love and jubilation,
Guide and friend from ancient days.

By his care be darkness driven
From our souls, with sin and shame;
Light our bosoms, Lord, from heaven,
Cleanse us by thy purging flame;
So by tender love forgiven,
God shall be our home and aim.

Then with psalm and song sonorous,
Praise the Sire from shore to shore;
Praise alike in swelling chorus
Son and Spirit evermore;
While with cross upraised before us
We one living God adore.

HYMN TO THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

Te Splendor et Virtus Patris

THEE the Father's power and splendour,
Jesus, thee we praise in song,
Bless thy name, O Shepherd tender,
Joining with the angel throng.

'Mid the myriad host before thee,
Ranged along the radiant sky,
Michael holds the cross of glory,
Our salvation's hope, on high.

By that sign he drives in terror
Satan and his godless powers,



All the rebel ranks of error,
Headlong from the heavenly towers.

Blessed Michael, be our leader,
In our war on sin and pride;
Be with Christ our interceder,
That the crown be not denied.

Glory to the Father ever,
Glory to the sole-born Son,
Glory to the Spirit; never
Cease the song while ages run.

O JESUS, JOY OF ANGEL CHOIRS

Christe, Sanctorum Decus

O JESUS, joy of angel choirs,
Thou Sire and Saviour of the race,
Illume our souls with pure desires,
And lead us heavenward by thy grace.

Let Michael, messenger of peace,
Visit our temples, day and night;
For in his presence wars shall cease
And love shall fill the world with light.

Let Gabriel's arm of flame and power
Protect us from the ancient foe,
And be to us a shielding tower
To guard us in our strife below.

Let blessed Raphael's healing hand
Uplift us; him we need and seek
To guide us to the heavenly land,
To raise the faint and nerve the weak.

And Virgin Mother of the Light,
Thou hope of souls, thou heavenly Queen,
Assist us by thy gentle might
And light us home in rays serene.

So God shall heed and help our needs,
The Sire, the sole-begotten Son,
And Spirit who from both proceeds,
Forever reigning three in one.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES

Exultet Orbis Gaudiis

LET all the world exult in song,
Let praises through the heavens ring,
Let earth and skies the hymn prolong,
The great apostles' glory sing.

Ye judges of the centuries,
And beacons of the world, we dare
Appeal to you on bended knees,
Oh, heed and hear our suppliant prayer.

O ye, whose word may close or ope
The sacred temple of the Lord,

Restore our souls with heavenly hope,
And break the chain of sin abhorred.

Both life and death your will obey,
At your command all evils fly;
From our frail hearts take guilt away,
And frame our lives with love on high.

So when at last the Christ shall come
To judge the world, our deeds may be
Worthy to make his heaven our home,
Co-heirs with you eternally.

Unto the Father glory be,
And equal glory to the Son,
The same, O Paraclete to thee,
One God, while endless ages run.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF A CONFESSOR

Jesu Redemptor Omnium

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind
And crown of guides who lead for thee,
Turn on our souls thy glances kind;
We ask thy love on bended knee.

Lord, thy confessor's holy fame,
Whose solemn feast we keep to-day,
Still glorifies thy sacred name;
Through him our vows to thee we pay.

No earthly joys he sought or won,
Pleasures he spurned as things of nought,
He prized thy tender love alone,
Thy heavenly light was all he sought.

Send us, dear Lord, thy rays sublime
That we his beaten path may see;
And purged from every stain of crime,
May find our endless home with thee.

Christ, King of love, be glory meet
To God the Father and to thee,
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through all eternity.

HYMN FOR A CONFESSOR

Iste Confessor Domini

THE people thy confessor praise to-day,
Lord, over all the world, and tributes bring;
This day he rose to walk the heavenly way,
Where angels sing.

Meek, prudent, humble, modest on the earth,
A sober life he led without a stain;
He lived for thee, O Lord; his deeds of worth
For thee remain.

The sick and dying, through his holy hand,
Were oft upraised to health by thee, O Lord;

And suffering ones to-day from every land,
Are still restored.

And so we sing our choiring songs of praise,
We bring our palms to crown his holy day;
And beg that for our needs he may upraise
His voice and pray.

All honour, power and glory let us sing
Unto the living God who reigns alone;
Ruler of all the worlds, the Lord, the King,
The three in one.

In case the day celebrated is not the day of the Saint's death, the following may be sung instead of the third and fourth lines of the first stanza:

Unto his honour lift the joyous lay,
And praises sing.



NOTKER

A NATIVE of northern Switzerland, Notker Balbulus was born about 840, and died in 912 on the sixth of April, on which day he is commemorated as a saint in the monastery of St. Gall, where he had been one of the most noted followers of the founder of that great house.

He compiled a life of St. Gall in verse, and left a martyrology, chiefly collected from Rabanus Maurus and St. Odo of Cluny.

He was a man of gentle and contemplative nature, accustomed to find spiritual and poetical suggestions in the common sights around him.

His name is chiefly important in the history of ecclesiastical music as the inventor of sequences, which may be regarded as marking the beginning of the later mediæval epoch of Latin hymnody. The Notkerian sequence is, in form, a rhythmical prose something like the psalms of David.

The sequence was a chant of praise to be sung between the epistle and the gospel at the Mass.

One of the best known and most remarkable of the Notkerian sequences, is that brief antiphon, translated in the burial service of the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, "In the midst of life we are in death."

The following selection, ranked as one of the seven

great hymns, is a good example of the Notkerian sequence. It has been attributed by some writers to Gotschalk, another monk of St. Gall, who died in 950.

It is known as the "Alleluiatic Chorus," or the "Alleluiatic Sequence."

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE

Cantemus Cuncti

COME, let us all sing out the song of praise,
Swelling in thanks to our eternal Lord,
Alleluia!

Let the rejoicing choirs of heaven unite,
And lift their golden voices to the strain,
Alleluia!

Sounding along the fields of Paradise
Shall ring the music of the blessed throngs,
Alleluia!

The jubilee of everlasting stars
Shall give their shining answer to the song,
Alleluia!

Let cloud, wind, lightning and the rolling thunder,
Mingle their tones in solemn harmony,
Alleluia!

River and ocean, rain and gale and calm,
Summer and winter, field and grove shall sing,
Alleluia!

The birds of every plumage first shall raise
Loud praises to their Maker in sweet songs,
Alleluia!

Then all the beasts shall lift their various voices,
And give eternal answer to the praises,
Alleluia!

Thou, too, O deep of ocean, shout in joy,
Nor silent, you, ye continents, remain,
Alleluia!

Let every man exulting, sing sweet psalms,
While thanks unending rise to God on high,
Alleluia!

So as we shout the canticles of joy,
The praise shall bring delight unto his ear,
Alleluia!

And so the heavenly tunes that we upraise
Be pleasing to the Saviour's tender heart,
Alleluia!

Then, brethren, lift your voices and rejoice,
And you, ye little children, answer forth,
Alleluia!

Now to the Father Alleluia sing,
To Jesus Alleluia, and the Spirit,
Alleluia!

Sing praises to the eternal Trinity,
Sing in the cleansing baptism of the Lord,
Alleluia!

ST. ODO OF CLUNY

THE son of a nobleman of the first rank, Odo was born at Tours in 879, and from his childhood was much given to piety and prayer. At nineteen years of age he received the tonsure, and from that time he put away learning and devoted himself to religious exercises.

He was admitted to the monastic habit by S. Berno, Abbot of Beaume, in 909. The monastery of Beaume stands in a lonely spot among barren rocks at a great height. The great Abbey of Cluny was founded by William, Count of Auvergne, in 910, and placed in the care of St. Berno.

In 927 St. Odo was made abbot of the three monasteries of Cluny, Massay and Deols. He made his residence at Cluny, where the reputation of his sanctity and discipline drew to his house many illustrious men.

He died at Tours November 18, 942.

FOR ST. MARY MAGDALENE

Summi Parentis Unice

(From the Roman Breviary)

JESUS, sole son of God most high,
Look on our souls with pitying eye,
Thou who didst call the Magdalene
To holy love and light serene.

The coin that had been lost and mourned,
Is to the treasure house returned;
New-found and cleansed, thy gem divine
Now fairer than the stars outshine.

Oh, balm of every wounded heart,
The sorrowing sinner's hope thou art;
Dear Jesus, by sad Mary's tears,
Wash out our sins and chase our fears.

Mother of God, our prayers receive,
All weak and weeping sons of Eve;
Calm by thy word the waves of strife,
And guide us to the port of life.

Be love and glory evermore
To the sole God whom all adore,
Who heals us by his plenteous grace
And lifts us to his holy place.

ROBERT I., KING OF FRANCE

SON and successor of Hugh Capet, Robert I. was born at Orleans in 971, and died at Melun in 1031. He is sometimes, but improperly, cited as Robert II., the first of that name being taken to mean Robert, duke of France, who died in 923. In history he is surnamed the Pious.

While wholly different from his warlike father, he lacked neither physical advantages nor moral virtues. He was said to be versed in all the sciences, a good philosopher, an excellent musician, and so devoted to sacred literature that he never passed a day without reading the Psalter.

He composed several hymns, which he set to music and deposited upon the altar of St. Peter, while on a pilgrimage to Rome.

The following hymn, which is sung in the Mass for Whitsuntide, is known as the "Golden Sequence," and represents the transition from the rhythmical prose of Notker to the metrical form. It is one of the most popular of the hymns of the Middle Ages, and has a place among the seven great hymns.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY

Veni Sancte Spiritus

HOLY Spirit, come and shine
On our souls with light divine,
Warm us with thy rays of love;
Come, O Father of the poor,
Make thy gifts to man secure,
Fire our bosoms from above.

Tender Comforter and best,
Of the soul most precious guest,
Soother of all trembling fears,
Rest for labour's wearing strains,
Temperer of burning pains,
Solace to the soul in tears.

Holy radiance, most benign!
Into every bosom shine
With the blessed light of faith;
Without thy divinity
Nothing good in man can be,
All is dark and worthy death.

Wash away whate'er is vile,
Make our souls like gardens smile,
Heal all bitter wounds, we pray;

Bend our stubborn wills to thine,
Melt our souls with love divine,
Guide us lest we go astray.

All thy sevenfold gifts impart
Unto every faithful heart
Meekly trusting in thy love;
Grant that without sin or stain
We a holy death may gain,
And eternal joy above.

HERMANN CONTRACTUS

THE son of the Swabian Count Wolfrat of Voringen, Hermann was born in 1013, and died in 1054. He was surnamed Contractus, or the Lame, on account of a physical defect.

Educated at the monastery of Reichenau, and afterward admitted as a member of the fraternity, he added greatly to the reputation of that house, which had been noted for its learning from the time of St. Berno.

He is famous as a chronicler of his time. He also devoted himself to mathematics and music, and constructed watches and instruments of various kinds. He wrote a number of hymns, besides producing a didactic poem on "The eight chief vices."

The "Alma Redemptoris" and the beautiful anthem "Salve Regina," found in the Roman Breviary, are his, although the last words of the latter were added by St. Bernard of Clairvaux. The Vesper hymn, "Ave Regina Coelorum," is probably of a later period.

VESPER HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

Alma Redemptoris Mater

(From the Roman Breviary)

MOTHER of majesty,
God's love adorning,
Thou that hast oped for man
Heaven's high door,
Star of the ocean wave,
Gate of the morning,
Look on our wanderings,
Thee we implore.

Born without stain of sin,
Formed for the Holy,
Gabriel's Ave still
Rises to thee.
Virgin and Mother pure,
Tender and lowly,
Hear us and plead for us,
Bowed at thy knee.

A VESPER PSALM

Salve Regina

(From the Roman Breviary)

HAIL, holy queen,
Mother of Mercy sweet,
Life of our souls,

Our hope, our refuge be;
Children of Eve,
 Bending at thy dear feet,
Out of the gloom,
 Tearful we cry to thee.

Born without stain,
 Plead for our souls we pray,
Turn unto us
 Thy pitying eyes of love;
So while our lives
 Pass from the earth away,
Bring thou our souls
 Safe to thy Son above.

O clement Maid,
 Merciful advocate,
Virgin, most sweet,
 Hear thou our constant prayer,
Thee do we call,
 Thou that art heaven's gate,
Lift up our hearts,
 Save us from sin and care.

VESPER HYMN

Ave Regina Coelorum

HAIL, thou Virgin Queen of Heaven,
Mistress unto Angels given,
Root of Jesse, golden portal,
Whence was poured the light immortal.

Holy Virgin, high in glory,
Heaven and earth shall sing thy story,
Heed us, mother, bowed before thee,
Plead with Jesus, we implore thee.

PIERRE ABELARD

PIERRE ABELARD, philosopher, theologian and monk, was born near Nantes in 1079.

His false doctrines were condemned in the Council of Soissons in 1121 and in the Council of Sens in 1140. He died in the Abbey of St. Marcel in 1142.

THE EVERLASTING SABBATH

O Quanta Qualia

O WHAT a blessed state
Is that sweet Sabbath-time
Which the saints celebrate,
High in the halls sublime,
There, for the weary, rest,
There for the brave, reward,
Comes to the spirits blest,
Where they enjoy the Lord.

Who is the monarch there?
What court and Kingly throne?
What peace untouched by care,
What wondrous joy is shown?
O could those souls above
Bring these before our eyes,
Raised upon wings of love
We would the world despise.

Truly Jerusalem
Call we that blessed shore,
Vision of peace, its name,
Glorious evermore.
Wish and fulfilment there
Ever in mercy meet;

Instant the soul in prayer
Finds her reward complete.

There from all finite ills
Riseth the spirit free,
Singing o'er Sion's hills
One endless jubilee;
And everlastingly
Thanks for the gifts of grace
Thy people bring to thee,
Lord in thy dwelling place.

There an unending day
Shines for all souls at rest;
Glories ne'er pass away;
Young are those spirits blest.
Ceaseless the holy song
Choirs of the ransomed sing;
We too shall join the throng,
Praising the Lord our King.

Ours is the duty now
Upward our souls to raise,
Low at God's altar bow,
Seek him through love and praise.
And to Jerusalem
From this far Babylon,
Turn with increasing flame,
God's peace to look upon.

Praises eternal bloom,
God, for thy garland fair,
Through whom, and out of whom
And in whom all things are.
From whom — is God the Sire
Through whom — is God the Son,
In whom — the Heavenly Fire —
Three and forever one.

THE EVERLASTING SABBATH

(Another Version)

O WHAT a blessed station,
Sweet goal of all desires,
That everlasting Sabbath
Among the heavenly choirs.
There rest comes to the weary,
And to the brave, reward;
For there the ransomed spirits
Enjoy their living Lord.

Who reigneth there as monarch?
What court and Kingly throne,
What peace untouched by sorrow,
What wondrous joy is shown?
O, could the holy angels
Bring these before our eyes,
On wings of love borne upward,
Our souls would earth despise.

Jerusalem, most truly
We call that blessed shore;
Of peace it shines a vision
In glory evermore.
The wish and its fulfilment
Meet instant in the prayer,
Desiring and its object
Come both together there.

There from all finite evils
The spirit riseth free,
And o'er the hills of Sion
Keeps heavenly jubilee.
Lord, everlasting praises
And thanks for gifts of grace
Rise from thy ransomed people
Through all thy dwelling place.

There one unending Sabbath
Shines out for souls at rest;
The glow of youth forever
Adorns the spirits blest.
A holy song and ceaseless
The angel choirs outsing, —
O, we shall join that singing,
And praise the Lord, our King.

But here it is our duty
Our souls to fire and raise;
To bow before God's altar

And sing his love and praise;
And toward the heavenly Sion,
From this far Babylon,
Turn home, like weary exiles,
God's peace to look upon.

Let everlasting glory
To God eternal rise
For whom, through whom, and in whom
Are earth and sea and skies;
From whom — is God the Father,
Through whom — is God the Son,
In whom — is God the Spirit,
Forever Three in One.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

THE son of noble Burgundian parents, Bernard was born at Fontaines, a castle near Dijon, in 1091. His mother, a woman of great piety, consecrated him to the service of the Church as soon as he was born, and from that day considered him as not belonging to her but to God.

In 1113 Bernard with his brothers and nearly thirty other noblemen and gentlemen, who were led by his example, entered the monastery of Citeaux, and assumed the monastic habit in the following year.

On account of the great progress he had made in the spiritual life, Bernard was appointed abbot, and ordered to go with twelve monks, among whom were his brothers, to found a new house in the diocese of Langres. They walked in procession, singing psalms, with the new abbot leading, and settled in a desert called the Valley of Wormwood.

With wonderful skill and industry the new monastery was established; and in a short time the reputation of the house and of the sanctity of the abbot became so great that the number of monks in it amounted to one hundred and twenty, and the people changed the name of the place to Clairvaux, or the Valley of Light. This famous monastery was founded in 1115.

St. Bernard was particularly devoted to the Blessed

Virgin. In one of his missions into Germany, in the great church at Spire, he repeated as in a rapture, "O Clemens! O Pia, O Dulcis Virgo Maria!" and these words the church added to the anthem "Salve Regina."

As to his poetical writings St. Bernard has been called the father, in Latin hymnody, of that warm and passionate form of devotion which seems to apply the language of human affection to divine objects. This tendency has become very popular both in Catholic and Protestant churches.

Erasmus characterizes St. Bernard as "cheerful, pleasant and vehement in moving the passions." He is counted among the ablest doctors of the church. After a life of wonderful activity and good works he died on August 20, 1153, and was buried before Our Lady's altar at Clairvaux.

The following hymns are all taken from a poem of fifty four-line stanzas. The first three are used in the Roman Breviary for the office of the most Holy Name of Jesus, the Second Sunday after Epiphany. The last hymn is an entirely new cento.

VESPER HYMN TO JESUS

Jesu Dulcis Memoria

JESUS, thy memory divine
To every heart is heavenly wine;
But sweetness more than sweetest things
Thy presence in the bosom brings.

Such gladness ne'er hath poet sung,
Such joy ne'er pleased ear or tongue,
To man no dream, so sweet e'er came,
Dear Son of God, as thy blest name.

True hope of all repenting hearts,
What tender joy thy love imparts!
Thou givest thy seekers here below
Such bliss as only they can know.

O Lord, if we but claim thy love,
Our souls are lighted from above,
And feel such wondrous happiness
As tongue or pen can ne'er express.

Be still our joy and stay, dear Lord,
Our guide, our hope, our sweet reward;
Let praise and love and glory be
Sung to thy name eternally.

HYMN TO THE HOLY NAME, FOR MATINS

Jesu Rex Admirabilis

O JESUS, admirable King,
Whose love did our salvation bring,
To sing thy praise needs tongue of fire;
Our joy, our hope, our whole desire.

When thou art present in the breast,
It shines with radiance true and blest,
The world's vain glories fade away,
And love illumines like the day.

Our hearts with love thy law controls,
O Fount of life and Light of souls;
Thou fill'st the breast with such pure joy,
All earthly pleasures pale and cloy.

How showers thy sweetness from above!
Let every soul desire thy love;
Let every bosom burn to feel
The wondrous joys thy laws reveal.

To thee, O Lord, our songs we raise;
Let all our works express thy praise;
Thee shall our prostrate hearts adore
In tender love forevermore.

MORNING HYMN TO JESUS

Jesu Decus Angelicum

O JESUS, joy of angel choirs!
Thy name is all the soul desires;
Unto the tongue a taste divine
That soothes like draft of heavenly wine.

Who tasteth, hungers e'er for thee,
Who drinketh, thirsts most yearningly,
Who knoweth, burns with holy fire,
Thou fount of love, our sole desire.

Jesus, my best of bliss thou art,
The hope that cheers my sighing heart;
With tears of guilt I bow the knee
And send repenting cries to thee.

Remain with us, dear Lord, and shine
Upon our souls with light divine;
Drive every evil cloud away
And bring the sweetness of thy day.

Flower of the Virgin Mother blest,
The love of every loving breast,
Honour and praise and blessing be
To thy sweet name eternally.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR

Jesu Mi Bone, Sentiam

O TENDER Jesus, let me feel
Thy love with ever growing zeal,
And by thy presence bring to me
The power thy glorious truths to see.

Upon my lonely couch at night
Thy love shall fill my heart with light;
In crowded throngs, or all alone
I'll seek the glory of thy throne.

As Mary sought thee at the tomb,
So in the morn to thee I'll come;
And worship with that warm desire
Which lights the soul with living fire.

Upon the ground my tears shall flow,
Thy wounds shall bow my head in woe;
While prostrate at thy sacred feet,
I'll cling to thee in love complete.

I'll follow where thy steps have trod,
And kiss with tears the sacred sod;
That in thy love my soul shall live,
That grace and favour thou may'st give.

THOMAS OF CELANO

VERY little is known of the author of the *Dies Irae*, in many respects, the greatest of all hymns. Even his family is wholly unknown. He takes his name from Celano, a small town in the Abruzzo Ulteriore. He was born probably near the end of the twelfth century and died about 1255.

He was one of the early disciples of St. Francis of Assisi, and held the office of Custos in various Franciscan houses from 1221 to the time of his death.

He wrote a biography of St. Francis, which is incorporated in the *Acta Sanctorum*.

His famous hymn has been translated into nearly all civilized languages, and received no less than 150 English renderings, and at least 100 German translations. Scott has made an imitation of a part of it in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and Goethe in *Faust* has made use of several lines.

It has been very popular with the musicians. It is one of the few poems, which, like music, conveys to the hearer who is ignorant of the language, a general idea of its meaning.

It has a prominent place among the seven great hymns of the mediæval church.

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Dies Irae

DAY of ire, that direful day!
Earth in fire shall pass away,
As both saint and Sibyl say.

How the guilty world shall quake,
When the Judge his seat shall take,
Sentence swift and sure to make.

Then the trump with wondrous tone,
Sounding through the graveyards lone,
All shall force before the throne.

Death and nature, wondering, see
How the dead, arising, flee
Swift to hear the dread decree.

Forth the written book is brought,
Bearing every deed and thought,
Whence reward and doom are sought.

So before the Judge full plain
Shall appear each hidden stain;
Unavenged shall nought remain.

What shall be my woful plaint?
Whither seek a saving saint,
When the just with fear are faint?

King of mighty majesty,
Saving free who saved would be,
Fount of pity, save thou me.

Jesus, think of me, I pray,
Me, who caused thy crucial way,
Lest thou lose me on that day.

Seeking me in wearing pain,
Sorrows sharing, thou wert slain, —
Be such labours not in vain.

Righteous and avenging King,
Of my sins remission bring,
Ere the day of reckoning.

Bowed in grief upon the sod,
Flushed with guilt, I feel the rod, —
Spare thy supplicant, O God.

Who from sin didst Mary free,
And the thief upon the tree,
Thou hast given hope to me.

Without worth are prayers of mine;
Turn to me thy face divine,
Lest in endless fire I pine.

Give me grace, O God, to stand
With the sheep on thy right hand,
Guarded from the cursed band.

When the wicked in defeat,
Fast in flames thy judgment meet,
Call me home with blessings sweet.

Humbled down to earth in prayer,
With a contrite heart, I dare
Beg, O Father, for thy care.

Day of weeping, day of sighs,
When from ruin shall arise
Guilty man, with soul laid bare,
Spare him, Lord, in mercy spare!
Gentle Jesus, with the blest
Grant the faithful endless rest.

ST. BONAVENTURE

THE great light and ornament of the Order of St. Francis, and known to the Church as the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure was born at Bagnarea in Tuscany in the year 1221. He was given the name of John in baptism, but received the name Bonaventure by reason of his recovery from a severe and dangerous illness, which recovery his mother believed to be due to the intercession of St. Francis of Assisi. The great saint, seeing the child raised from his sickness, and seeming to have a prophetic vision of his future greatness, cried out in rapture, "O buona ventura," O happy chance.

The devout mother in gratitude consecrated the child to God, and always afterward he bore the name of Bonaventure.

When twenty-two years of age he entered the order of St. Francis at Rome. He studied at Paris under famous teachers, and soon became a masterful proficient in scholastic philosophy and in the most sublime parts of theology. St. Thomas Aquinas is said to have visited him one day and asked him in what books he had learned his sacred science. St. Bonaventure pointed to his crucifix and said: "This is the source of all my knowledge. I study only Jesus Christ and him crucified."

He became general of the order of St. Francis in 1256, although he accepted the office with great fear and reluct-

ance. At the time of his election there was considerable division of sentiment among the friars of the order on the question of discipline. As soon as the young general appeared among them all trouble at once vanished and a wonderful condition of peace and charity grew up in the order.

He was taken ill at the Council of Lyons, and died in that city July 14, 1274, in the fifty-third year of his age.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

In Passione Domini

LORD, thy death upon the tree
Brings uplifting thoughts to me,
Calm of mind and holy fire,
Love of God and pure desire.

O to bear in memory
All thy grief and obloquy,
Holy Christ, thy thorny wreath,
Spear and nails and crucial death!

All these blessed wounds of thine,
Witness of thy love divine,
Cruel scourging and distress,
O the mortal bitterness!

Lord, the thought is of such dole,
So intoxicates the soul,
That we bow in tearful prayers;
But what glorious fruit it bears!

Low, before thee, Crucified,
Sink all selfishness and pride;
Loud to thee, dear Christ, we cry;
Join us with thy saints on high.

Honour, praise and glory bring
Unto Jesus, heavenly King,
Who, all pure and faultless, gave
His sweet life our lives to save.

ON THE HOLY CROSS

Recordare Sanctae Crucis

WOULD'ST thou dwell in joy abounding,
All thy life with light surrounding,
Make the cross thy constant care;
On the rood of thy Redeemer
Be thy soul an ardent dreamer,
Bear it with thee everywhere.

Be thou toiling, be thou sleeping,
Be thou smiling, be thou weeping,
Deep in grief or ecstasy;
Be thou coming, be thou going,
Pale with pain, with pleasure glowing,
Let the cross thy comrade be.

Every sin and every sorrow,
Every ill that life can borrow,
In the cross will gain surcease;
In the cross, though sore and grieving,
He that humbly seeks relieving,
Findeth refuge, findeth peace.

'Tis the open door of heaven,
Whence the streaming light was given
To the Saints to conquer shame;
'Tis the world's eternal healing,
Whence the Lord, his mercies dealing,
Worketh wonders to his name.

Health of souls, salvation's portal,
Guiding light to bliss immortal,
Charm to soothe the hardened heart;
Life of saints in benediction,
Treasure house of all perfection,
Fraught with living joy thou art.

Virtue's glass and manhood's mirror,
Leader guiding souls from error,
Hope of all who hold the faith;
To the bold in Christ a glory,
As the symbol and the story.
Of their war on sin and death.

'Tis the tree of holy seeming
Through the blood of Christ, and teeming
With that fruit, the food of might,
Which to struggling souls has given
Strength to climb the hills of Heaven,
Out of darkness into light.

Saviour, on the cross extended,
Be my soul with grace amended,

Evermore to mourn thy pain;
Feel the tortures that efface thee,
And with prostrate soul embrace thee,
On the cross where thou art slain.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, the great Dominican, known in the Church as the Angelic Doctor, was born of a royal family, at Belcastro, the seat of his father, Landulf, Count of Aquino, in the kingdom of Naples, near the end of 1226.

He received his elementary education at the Monastery of Casino, after which he spent six years at the University of Naples, leaving that institution in his sixteenth year. Thomas was the admiration of his whole family. It is said that the serenity of his countenance, the constant evenness of his temper, his modesty and sweetness made him remarkable among the youths of his time.

He learned rhetoric under Peter Martin, and philosophy under Peter of Hibernia, one of the most learned men of his age. His progress in these studies was so remarkable that he repeated the lessons, which were then given in the form of lectures, more clearly than the masters had explained them.

The order founded by St. Dominic, who had then but recently died, abounded with men of great spiritual force. Thomas became seized with an ardent desire to join the order. But his family bitterly opposed his choice of a profession, and even persecuted the young man for about two years. He was finally allowed, how

ever, through the influence of Pope Innocent IV., to assume the habit. The general of the order, John the Teutonic, took the saint to Paris and then to Cologne where Albertus Magnus, the most famous teacher of his age, lectured on philosophy and theology.

Thomas soon became the most illustrious teacher of his order. Pope Urban IV. in 1261 called him to Rome, and he was appointed to teach in that city. The Pope pressed him to accept an archbishopric, but Thomas declined the appointment.

While in Rome he compiled, at the request of Urban, the office of the Blessed Sacrament, which the church uses to the present day on the feast and during the Octave of Corpus Christi. The following hymns were written for that purpose. The hymn "Adoro Te Devote," and "O Esca Viatorum," are used chiefly for private devotions. The two final stanzas of each of the first two hymns are now used as separate hymns at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

He died while on his way to attend the Council of Lyons, March 7, 1274, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. in 1323.

HYMN FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Verbum Supernum Prodiens

(From the Roman Breviary)

THE word at God's right hand came forth,
And shining still as God on high,
Descended to the gloom of earth,
For man's redemption doomed to die.

Betrayed by one he loved, and led
To cruel death at treason's hand,
Upon that latest eve, he fed
With his own flesh the chosen band.

He giveth in its twofold kind
The saving flesh, the cleansing blood,
That every man his love may find,
And fill his soul with heavenly food.

Born man, he makes himself our kin,
He gives his body at the board,
He dies and is the price of sin,
He reigns, and is our sweet reward.

O Fount of Life! O Saving Host,
That heaven's high door hast open laid,
War presses hard, our hope is lost
Without thy strength and powerful aid.

Omnipotent Triunity,
To thee be endless glory given;
Grant us eternal life with thee
In our sweet fatherland of heaven.

THE NEW PASCH

Pange Lingua

(From the Roman Breviary)

SING, my tongue, the saving story,
Earth's redeeming mystery sing;
Sing the blood, that fount of glory,
Shed by man's all gracious King, —
Blessed be the womb that bore thee,
Thou, that camest, our hope to bring.

Given while yet the young creation
Sang with all the stars of morn,
Jesus came for our salvation,
From a stainless virgin born;
And his closing ordination
Doth the world with love adorn.

At the paschal table leaning
He, beside his chosen band, —
Words of wonder intervening,
While he closed the law's command —
Kept the pasch with newer meaning,
Gave himself with his own hand.

By his word the bread he breaketh
To his very flesh he turns;
In the chalice which he taketh,
Man the cleansing blood discerns, —
Faith to loving bosoms maketh
Clear the mystic truth she learns.

Let us then this rite of wonder
With our prostrate souls adore;
Let each ancient law surrender
To the Christ forevermore,
To the Saviour sweet and tender,
Fount of grace, of love the store.

To the Father's glory leading,
Sound the holy jubilee;
To the Son, our sorrows heeding,
Sing the love that made us free,
To the Lord from both proceeding
Let the selfsame praises be.

MORNING HYMN FOR CORPUS CHRISTI

Sacris Solemnis

(From the Roman Breviary)

LET joy abound with us on every side,
The sacred feast proclaiming far and wide;
Come, let our souls, renewed in love, arise,
In thought, word, action, purged and purified.

We celebrate the supper of that night,
When Christ himself, the Lord of love and light,
Lamb and unleavened bread, gave to the twelve
His body, and fulfilled the ancient rite.

Our souls in joy receive his solemn word, —
The Lamb of God, the Bread of Life, the Lord,
His body brake and gave to each and all, —
God's flesh by God's hand given at the Board.

Thus breaking to the sorrowing ones the bread,
He took and blessed the chalice, and he said:
"Take ye the cup and drink; this is my blood,
That unto man's redemption shall be shed."

So did the Christ the sacrifice ordain,
And gave his priests the duty to maintain
The rite; 'tis theirs alone to take and give
That love that ever shall with man remain.

The bread of angels is to man restored;
All figures end in heaven's sublime reward;
O wondrous thought! the poor, the weak, the low
Feast on the body of the living Lord.

Thou triune Deity, to thee we pray,
Honoured upon the altar day by day,
Visit our souls, and by thy holy light
Lead us to heaven, and be thy paths our way.

HYMN FOR PRIVATE MEDITATION

Adoro Te Devote

DEVOUTLY I adore thee, O my Lord,
Who art concealed in figures at the board;
To thee my heart bows down in voiceless faith;
I see thee not, but I believe thy word.

Sight, touch and taste are easily deceived;
Thy word alone can safely be believed;
I grant, O Son of God, whate'er to me
Thou sayest; in thee have I all faith achieved.

Upon the cross was thy divinity
Concealed, nor here thy human form we see,
Yet I, in faith confessing, seek thee, Lord,
Like the repentant thief upon the tree.

I do not ask, as Thomas did, dear Lord,
To see thy wounds; sufficient is thy word;
O, fill my soul with firmer faith, that still
In hope and love with thee it may accord.

O sweet memorial of the Saviour's death,
True bread that bring'st to man the living breath,
Grant that my soul thy holy law may know,
And live with thee in everlasting faith.

A pitying pelican, dear Jesus, be;
Save by the blood thou sheddest on the tree,

My starving soul, — thy precious blood, whereof
One drop from every crime the world can free.

Jesus, whom here in figures I behold,
I hunger for the time to see unrolled
The veil from thy sweet features; let me be
Blest with the vision in thy halls of gold.

HYMN FOR HOLY COMMUNION

O Esca Viatorum

O FOOD of life eternal!
O bread of choirs supernall!
O manna from on high!
Fill all that hunger for thee;
To seekers, who adore thee,
Thy sweetness ne'er deny.

We seek thy holy dwelling,
O fount of love, outwelling
From Jesus' tender heart;
Lord, bring thy cup of healing
To all before thee kneeling;
Our hope, our life thou art.

O Jesus, Saviour tender,
To thee, the Bread, we render
All reverence and all love;

Lord, lead our lives before thee,
To see thee and adore thee
In vision clear above.

SEQUENCE FOR CORPUS CHRISTI

Lauda Sion

SING aloud, O Sion, praising
Christ, thy Royal Shepherd, raising
Hymns of love and songs of joy;
Let the music sound forever,
Never ceasing, tiring never,
All thy powers of praise employ.

Lo, the theme of all thanksgiving,
Vivifying bread and living,
On the holy altar shown!
Yea, the selfsame bread of heaven,
At the sacred supper given
To the twelve by Christ the Son.

Sing aloud in song sonorous,
Sing his praise in swelling chorus,
Sing in love and sweet accord;
Men of every race and nation
Hold the feast of Christ's creation,
Founded by his holy word.

Lo, the King upon his table
Lays a pasch more new and stable,
Ending every ancient rite;

Older laws give place to newer,
Shadows fly, and worship truer
Cometh with the wondrous light.

And to-day, as Christ ordaineth,
To his memory still remaineth
Joy, descending from above,
Still remain for our salvation
Bread and wine in consecration,
Making earth a home of love.

To the faithful Jesus giveth,
In his love, this truth that liveth, —
To his blood is changed the wine;
Bread unto his body turneth;
Man by living faith discerneth
All the mystery divine.

Here, two different species under,
Hides in signs awaking wonder,
Christ's best gift, most excellent, —
From his flesh and blood he giveth
Food and drink; in each he liveth
Whole within the sacrament.

Never by partaking groweth
Less the gift which he bestoweth,
Comes to all the sweet reward;
Whether single or in union,
Few or thousands at Communion,
Every soul receives the Lord.

And the good and bad receive him,
They who doubt and who believe him;
 But with what a different end!
To the worthy soul, salvation;
To the impenitent, damnation, —
 Death to foe and life to friend.

Though the sacrament ye sever
Into fragments, fear ye never,
In each part remaineth ever
 What the whole contained before;
In the sign alone obtaineth
Change; but as the Lord ordaineth,
He, the Signified, remaineth
 Whole and perfect evermore.

Lo, the bread of angels, bearing
Strength to souls in sorrow wearing,
With the sons of mercy sharing,
 Not the unregenerate;
Food prefigured and foretold in
Sacred signs and symbols olden,
Bringing unto man the golden
 Hour of glory consecrate.

Gentle Jesus, Shepherd tender,
Bread of life, in mercy render
Peace, and blessed hope engender;
Saviour be our sure defender,
 Make us worthy of thy love;

Thou all-knowing and all-heeding
Save thy flock with care and feeding;
Let us follow in thy leading,
Hear us in our earnest pleading,
Guide us to the fold above.

JACOPONE DA TODI

JACOPONE DA TODI, or as he is often called Jacopo dei Benedetti, was born of a noble family, at Todi in Umbria, in the early part of the thirteenth century, and died, it is said, at about the age of ninety years, in 1306.

In his early life he was a humourist and satirist, and was not particularly attached to the moral virtues. He married a woman said to be noted for her virtue and beauty, whose death was caused by the falling of a stage at a public show. On removing her garments she was found to wear sackcloth next her skin for penance.

Jacopone forsook the world immediately upon the death of his wife, and spent the remainder of his long life as a Franciscan friar, writing during his spare time many spiritual songs and hymns. He is said to have been a friend of Dante. Little besides the following hymn remains of his work. This hymn has been ascribed to others, even Mone and Wackernagle believing that a portion of it was written by Pope Innocent III., who died in 1216, and that Jacopone only supplemented and brought to its present form the more crude production of Innocent.

This hymn is counted among the seven great hymns, and deservedly so. But another hymn called the *Mater Speciosa*, which is a mere parody, has also been ranked

in the same class, and attributed to Jacopone. The Mater Speciosa is far from great, and there is no satisfactory proof that it is by Jacopone. It is certainly entirely unworthy of the author of the Mater Dolorosa, which has well been called "the most pathetic of all hymns."

THE SORROWFUL MOTHER

Stabat Mater Dolorosa

WAITING by the cross atoning
Stood the woful mother moaning,
Tearful near her dying Son;
Through her gentle soul, unfailing
In her sympathy and wailing,
Passed the sword of Simeon.

Never 'neath such woes another
Bowed, as did that blessed mother
Of the sole-born Son and Lord;
Who while keeping watch unsleeping,
Tender mother, 'mid her weeping,
Bore the pangs of her adored.

Lives there one can see untearful
Christ's fond mother, in such fearful
Torments, grieving all alone?
Lives there one whose heart with anguish
Fills not, thus to see her languish,
Agonizing with her Son.

For the guilt that doomed his nation
Saw she Jesus in prostration
'Neath the scourges meekly bent;

Saw her precious Son forsaken,
Spurned, defied, in torture shaken,
While his spirit forth he sent.

Mother, fount of love and sorrow,
Grant to me the power to borrow
Grief, that I may weep with thee;
Grant that in my burning bosom
Love for Christ the Lord shall blossom
As to him shall pleasing be.

Mother, every wound and tremor
Of the crucified Redeemer,
Firmly fasten in my soul;
Every shame which thou art sharing,
O, divide with me unsparing, —
Every pang and pain and dole.

Grant that I my tears may mingle
With thine own in sorrow single,
Weeping with the Crucified;
Near the Cross beside thee kneeling,
Fill my soul with love and feeling,
Worthy in thy love to bide.

Virgin of all virgins fairest,
Share with me the pains thou bearest,
Be thy crushing sorrows mine;
Be the Saviour's cross my burden,
Be his bitter grief my guerdon;
Be my feelings blent with thine.

By his wounds, let me be riven,
By his cross to rapture driven;
 Be his blood a cleansing fire;
Be that fire to me extended,
Virgin, by thy love defended,
 In the dreadful day of ire.

When my soul shall be upyielded,
By thy Virgin Mother shielded,
 Saviour, grant the victory;
When by death my frame is broken,
Then unto my soul be spoken
 Words of endless peace with thee.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

THOMAS HAMMERCHEN, the son of a poor peasant, was the real name of the author of "The Imitation of Christ." He was born in 1380 in the town of Kempen, between the Rhine and the Meuse, in the archdiocese of Cologne. Hence the name à Kempis.

He became a monk of the Augustinian Order, and devoted his long life, outside of the time spent in his religious exercises, to copying manuscripts, writing chronicles, biographies, hymns and tracts on monastic life.

"The Imitation of Christ" is his most important work, and has made his name familiar to all Christians. It has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible.

Although Thomas lived in one of the stormiest periods in European history, yet nothing of the stir or trouble of the outside world appears in his writings.

We obtain from those writings, however, a life-like portrait of the writer, and a vivid picture of convent life in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Thomas was received in the Convent of Mount St. Agnes, where his brother John was prior, in 1399; he professed the vows in 1407, and was ordained priest in 1413; became sub-prior in 1425, and died at the age of ninety-one years, August 8, 1471.

MEEKNESS

Adversa Mundi Tolera

BE meek, and bear adversity
In Jesus' sacred name;
There's danger in prosperity;
It brings a scorching flame.

SUFFER WITH HUMILITY

Quum a Malis Molestaris

WHEN thou art oppressed with pain,
Think that 'tis no loss, but gain;
Suffering with humility
Yields a shower of good to thee.

Thou shalt honour thus the Lord,
Duplicate thine own reward,
Please the Angel hosts on high,
And thy neighbours edify.

LIFE

Labor Parva est

SMALL is life's labour;
Soon comes the close;
Great the reward is, —
Endless repose.
Oft as thou bearest
With patience the rod
Thy spirit becometh
A martyr to God.

THE FRUITS OF PATIENCE

Patiendo Fit Homo

PATIENCE under suffering
Will to man these graces bring, —

A beauty more than of gold,
A clearness more than of glass,
A worth that can ne'er be told,
A rank that no ranks out-class;

A spirit that riseth light
O'er every taint of sin;
A mind to hold with the right
And Christ's approval win.

More saintly that man shall grow,
Better each day to the end;
Fiercer to Satan, his foe,
And dearer to Jesus, his friend.

TRUST IN GOD

In Domino Semper Spera

ALWAYS place in God thy trust,
Will and do

What's right and true;
Let thy soul be brave and just;
Show thy Lord a humble mind;
Thou shalt thus his favour find;
Love but few and simple things;
Simple life much comfort brings.

CARDINAL SILVIO ANTONIANO

BORN at Rome in 1540, Cardinal Antoniano became noted as a theologian and a scholar.

He died in 1603. The following hymn was inserted in the Roman Breviary by order of Pope Urban VIII.

FOR FEASTS OF HOLY WOMEN

Fortem Virili Pectore

WITH manly voice exalt in song
The saintly woman brave and strong
Whose noble virtue shineth forth
In glory through the bounds of earth.

With soul inflamed by holy fire
She cast aside all low desire;
Unsoiled by evil, night and day
She toiled along her heavenward way.

By stringent fasts and guarding care
She tamed the flesh; in constant prayer
Her spirit soared unto the skies
And gained the joys of Paradise.

Dear Jesus, King of wondrous might,
Our hope art thou, our love and light;
We ask thy Saint to intercede;
In mercy hear the prayer and heed.

To God the Father glory be,
The same, Lord Jesus, unto thee,
And to the Spirit equal store
Of praise and honour evermore.

CARDINAL ROBERT BELLARMIN

THE author of the following hymns, known usually by his Italian name, Roberto Bellarmino, was born at Monte Pulciano, near Florence, October 4, 1542, and died in Rome, September 17, 1621. He was nephew of Pope Marcellus II., and at the age of eighteen years entered the Society of Jesus. He was a powerful writer and controversialist, and was famous as one of the most holy and most learned men of his age. In 1598 he was raised to the Cardinalate by Pope Clement VIII.

In 1601 he became Archbishop of Capua, where he administered the affairs of that See, until 1605 when he became Librarian of the Vatican.

The following hymns are taken from the Roman Breviary where they were placed by Pope Urban VIII.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE

Pater Superni Luminis

O FATHER of the light serene,
Thou lookest on the Magdalene,
And lo, she burns with holy fire
While melts her soul with pure desire.

She runs, her store of ointment sweet
To pour upon thy blessed feet,
Bathes them in tears of penance rare,
And wipes them with her loosened hair.

Beside the cross of pain she stands,
She clasps thy tomb with trembling hands,
Unfrighted by the guard severe;
For holy love has banished fear.

So look, O Lord, on us we pray;
In pity purge our crimes away;
Into our hearts thy graces pour,
To be thine own forevermore.

To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
All praise and love and glory be
Through time and through eternity.



HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE ANGEL
GUARDIAN*Aeterne Rector Siderum*

MAKER and Lord of wondrous might
And dweller in the dread Immense,
Thy power and rule are infinite,
And infinite thy Providence!

We come before thee, bowed in tears,
We seek thy love, our sweet reward;
Now as the morning light appears,
Light thou our souls anew, O Lord.

And be thy angels with us still
To guide and guard us all the day,
To hold us subject to thy will,
And keep the stain of crime away.

Dear Lord, from out our bosoms tear
Each thought or dream that leads to sin;
So may we shun the tempter's snare,
So learn thy law and dwell therein.

Keep war and famine from our shore,
Build up our homes in sunny peace,
Be ours thy love forevermore,
Thy tender mercies never cease.

To God all praise and glory be,
Who sends his angel host to guide
Whom Christ redeemed on Calvary,
And whom the Spirit sanctified.

HYMN TO THE ANGEL GUARDIANS

Custodes Hominum Psallimus

PRAISE in song those angels holy
Whom our heavenly Father gave
As our guides to watch and guard us
From the cradle to the grave.

Sore we need their tender service,
For with fraud the cruel foe
Strives to lead our souls to ruin
And to work eternal woe.

Hover near us, watchful spirits,
Shield us 'neath the sheltering wing,
So that neither woe nor danger
From the tempter's power shall spring.

Everlasting praise and honour
To the glorious One in Three
Whose eternal presence reigneth
Over heaven and earth and sea.



URBAN VIII.

MAFFEO BARBERINI, author of the following hymns, was born in Florence of a wealthy family in 1568, and died in Rome July 29, 1644.

He was elected Pope August 6, 1623, after having spent many years under Gregory XIV., and Clement VIII., in most important ecclesiastical offices.

He was a patron of sciences and arts, and left a volume of Italian poetry, including seventy sonnets. From his knowledge of Greek he was called the "Attic Bee."

Under his pontificate the Roman Breviary received many changes; the ancient hymns were in many cases subjected to metrical emendations and new ones inserted.

The following were first introduced in the revision made at that time.

HYMNS TO ST. THERESA

I

Regis Superni Nuntia

GOD'S messenger, Theresa,
Thou leav'st Thy father's home
To bring mankind to Jesus,
Or gain sweet Martyrdom.

But milder death awaits thee,
And fonder pains are thine,
God's blessed angel wounds thee
With fire of love divine.

Sweet virgin, love's pure victim,
So fire our souls with love,
And lead thy trusting people
Safe to the realms above

Give glory to the Father,
The Spirit and the Son,
One Trinity, one Godhead,
While endless ages run.

II

Haec est Dies

BEHOLD the blessed morning,
When, like a snow-white dove,
Thy soul arose, Theresa,
To join the choirs above.

The Bridegroom calls: "From Carmel
Come, sister, unto me,
Partake the Lamb's high nuptials; —
Thy crown awaiteth thee."

O Jesus, tender Bridegroom
By holy virgin throngs
Be evermore surrounded,
Be praised in endless songs.

HYMN TO ST. ELIZABETH OF PORTUGAL

Domare Cordis Impetus

TO rule thy heart, Elizabeth,
To curb all motions vain,
Seemed better to thy godly soul
Than as a queen to reign.

And lo, enthroned among the saints,
Above the gleaming skies,
Thou hast received thy rich reward,
The joys of Paradise.

Thy reign is with the angel choirs,
The stars beneath thy feet,
The Blessed Vision is thy prize
And heaven thy queenly seat.

All power unto the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
And honour to the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.

HYMNS FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MARTINA

I

Martinae Celebri Plaudite

YE citizens of Rome, aloud proclaim
The saintly glory of Martina's name;
Sing her white love, her pure virginity,
Her martyrdom for Jesus, — sound her fame.

The splendours of the world adorned her birth,
Her life was graced with all the joys of earth,
Yet all that wealth with lavish hand could give
Her pure soul spurned as things of little worth.

The joys and profits of the world she trod
Beneath her feet, and gave her soul to God;
Distributing among the poor of Christ
Her earthly heritage, she walked his road.

No deed of torture and no cunning word
Could move her heart from Christ, her loving Lord,
Till angels came from heaven and led her forth
To feast with God at his celestial board.

They cast thee to the beasts, O virgin sweet;
The savage lion fawned and licked thy feet;
But man, more savage, slew thee with the sword,
And thy pure spirit found her heavenly seat.

So evermore, thine altar redolent
With incense, unto thee our prayers are sent,
For intercession, where thy name shines out
Among God's chosen ones, an ornament.

Drive evil from our souls, O triune Lord,
Who bring'st thy martyrs to their sweet reward;
Grant to thy servants peace and that true light
That leads thy people into sweet accord.

II

Tu Natale Solum Protege

PROTECT thy native soil; to Christian lands
Gain by thy prayers true peace; hold up our
hands;

The sound of arms and raging war suppress;
Teach us to honour Christ and his commands.

And virgin martyr, 'neath his banner bring
Mankind to march, as warriors of the King;
Thy sacred blood shall be our strength; the foe
Shall fall beneath that blessed offering.

O glorious saint, be unto us a tower;
Honours and votive prayers to thee we pour;
Accept our love, and through thy gentle aid
Upon our souls let heavenly blessings shower.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

Lux Alma Jesu Mentium

O JESUS, when thy tender light
Is in the soul, the world grows bright;
Then flies the mist of earthly ills,
And heavenly love the bosom fills.

What joy thy visits bring to me,
O Son of God! thy light I see;
Forevermore with me abide,
Sweet hope, to carnal sense denied.

Thou glory of the heavenly home,
Thou power unfathomable, come,
And with thy presence from above
Pour on our souls a flood of love.

To Jesus who to babes revealed
His glory, from the proud concealed,
And to the Sire and Paraclete,
Forevermore be praises meet.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH

Te Joseph Celebrent Agmina Coelitum

THE hosts of heaven, Joseph, honour thee,
And in thy prayers all Christian choirs resound;
All chaste among the chaste, thy name shall be
In holiness renowned.

When thou in doubt didst look upon thy bride
Great with the Holy One of God, behold!
A blessed angel standing at thy side,
The heavenly wonder told.

Thou, as a tender sire didst rule thy Lord,
Saving by flight his life in early years;
Found'st in the temple him whom all adored,
Mingling thy joy with tears.

Others are raised by happy death, but thou
Wert born to wear on earth a crown of grace;
Comrade of God in life, thou dwellest now
In marvellous blessedness.

Most holy Trinity, to us who kneel
Before thy throne, through Joseph's merits raise
Our souls unto thy stars, that we may feel
And fitly sing thy praise.

TO ST. JOSEPH

Coelitum Joseph Decus

O JOSEPH, joy among the saints, and light
To guide our lives to heaven, thou pillar bright
Upholding earth, we lift our songs to thee,
Let them ascend unto thy sacred height.

The shaper of the skies selected thee
His stainless virgin's holy spouse to be,

The Foster Sire of Christ, and minister
Of that salvation that hath made us free.

Thou sawest in the manger born thy Lord,
Of whom the prophets sang, the sacred Word;

Rejoicing thou beheld'st with prostrate soul,
The tender Babe as living God adored.

The Lord of heaven and earth, the King of Kings,
Whose will is law that prone obedience brings,

Whose light the demons fear, whose word they fly,
Made himself subject to thy questionings.

All praise unto the heavenly Trinity
Bringing, bright saint, thine honours unto thee;

Grant, through thy merits and thy pitying prayers
That we the joys of blessed life may see.

MORNING HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH

Iste Quem Laeti Colimus

GLAD honours unto thee to-day we bring,
In holy faith, O Joseph, of thy glory
And triumph gained, in holy joy we sing,
And sound thy story.

O happy saint! O marvellously blest!
At whose last hour, as watchers, self-appointed,
The virgin saw thee sinking to thy rest,
And God's Anointed.

And thou didst rise, from clinging flesh unbound,
In placid sleep, unto the throne eternal,
Didst take thy flight, and by God's hand wert crowned
With palms supernal.

So unto thee, O reigning saint, we pray:
Assist us in our needs; be thy voice given
For our salvation; that at last we may
See thee in heaven.

We lift our voice in love, we honour thee,
O heavenly Ruler, crowning with thy glory
Thy faithful servant; in his praises we
But sing thy story.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF A CONFESSOR

Jesu Corona Celsior

JESUS, crown of heavenly glory,
Holiest truth on high adored;
Souls that fearless preach thy story
Gain from thee a sure reward.

Hear, O Lord, our meek petition,
Let our hearts thy mercy find;
Grant from staining crimes remission,
Break the galling chains that bind.

Now the holy morn returning
Breaks with light the ebon bars,

When thy saint with bosom burning
Found his home among the stars.

He on earth all wealth and pleasure
Cast in scorn beneath his feet,
Love of thee his only treasure,
So he sought the heavenly seat.

Thee, O Christ, as King confessing,
Thee he preached, he loved thee well,
All unworthy hopes suppressing,
Spurning all the wiles of hell.

Powerful in thy holy praising,
All his faith in thee alone,
All his powers from pride abasing,
Now he dwells beside thy throne.

Loving Jesus, mild and tender,
Be his holy virtue ours,
And be thou our firm defender
From all vain and evil powers.

Glory to the Sire supernal,
Glory to the sole-born Son,
And the Paraclete eternal,
God of ages, three in one.

HYMNS BY UNKNOWN AUTHORS

ALL but the first three of the following selections are found in the Roman Breviary, some of them being quite modern. Those on the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, for instance, are as recent as the reign of Pope Pius VII., when they were written and inserted in the Breviary on the institution of that feast in honour of the Pope's release from imprisonment at Savona under Napoleon.

Two are taken from the poem, "Flos Pudicitiae," a thirteenth century manuscript found in the British Museum, and written in a variety of metres, two of which are here preserved.

Most of the other hymns are centos, or adaptations of older poems. The translations are added to the present volume so as to make it fairly complete.

The two hymns on the dedication of a church are the polished Breviary adaptations of the beautiful and famous, but rugged seventh century poem, "Urbs Beata Hierusalem," which has become the parent of many of the "New Jerusalem," songs of later ages.

HYMNS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Flos Pudicitiae. A Cento

FLOWER of white Virginity,
Chamber bright of clemency,
We before thy throne rejoice,
And implore thy favouring voice.

Tender Virgin, most serene,
Thee we hail as Heaven's Queen;
Unto thee, on bended knee,
Trusting, call for charity.

Bride of beauty, lily white,
Chosen by the God of Light,
Like the sun, the sevenfold grace
Shineth from thy heavenly face.

Holy spouse, Eternal Love
Crowns thee Queen of saints above;
Mirror of all purity,
Christ the Son is born of thee.

Be our hope and refuge sweet,
Humbly bending at thy feet;
By thy prayers our bosoms cleanse,
Bring us tears of penitence.

Solace grant to all our grief,
To our pains a sweet relief;
Purge our souls of guilt and guile,
Make us worthy of thy smile.

Flos Pudicitiae. A Cento

MARY mild, undefiled,
Help of all the lowly,
O, despise not our cries,
Spring of hope most holy.

Glorified as the Bride,
Gabriel's Ave warns thee,
And the Word, Christ the Lord,
For his birth adorns thee,

Shine afar, Morning Star,
Christ, the sunlight, leading;
Lend thine ear, Mother dear,
To our prayer and pleading.

Lift our eyes to the skies,
Raise our hearts and bring them,
Through thy might to the light
Of the heavenly Kingdom.

Aurora Quae Solem Paris

THOU mother of the Sun, sweet morn,
And daughter of his radiance bright,

Upon this day, when thou wert born
Thou bring'st to man serene delight.

Thee, robed in glory by the Sun,
The moon and stars revere; for thee,
High-seated on thy heavenly throne
They form a crown eternally.

The choirs of angels sing to thee,
The throngs of saints before thee fall;
Christ shrines in his divinity
The Mother of the Lord of All.

Thy power is heavenly, Virgin mild;
The hosts of darkness fly thy face;
Those arms, where God reposed, a child,
Can shield our souls and bring us grace.

Thy heel has crushed the serpent's head,
His poisonous fang we fear no more;
The sorrow of the past is dead,
Thy love we seek, thy aid implore.

Sweet Virgin, teach our spirits still
To follow Christ, the Lord of Light,
Who dwelt with thee, and worked thy will,
Thy loving Son, the King of Might.

To God the Sire, all praise and love,
Like praise and love unto the Son,
And to the Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Through whom the Virgin's crown was won.

HYMNS ON THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem

JERUSALEM, Celestial Home,
Sweet port of peace divine,
The stones of which thy walls are laid
Are souls of saints benign;
A thousand thousand angels sing
The glories that are thine.

Thou art a Queen most beautiful,
In wedlock sweetly won,
Dowered with the glory of the Sire,
The mercies of the Son, —
Like Christ, thy spouse, thy rule shall be
Eternal as his throne.

A crown of pearls is on thy brow,
Thy gates are opened wide;
The ages bow before thy throne,
And hail thee as the Bride,
That moves mankind to deathless love
Of Christ the Crucified.

With many a stroke of shining steel,
With many a sounding blow,
The stones were laid and fitted well
Within thy walls below,
Till, lo, thy glory evermore
Above the stars shall glow.

All praise throughout the bounds of earth,
To God the Father bring;
Like praise be sung to Christ the Son,
Our Lord and Heavenly King,
And unto God the Paraclete
The selfsame praise shall ring.

Alto Ex Olympi Vertice

FROM Heaven's high dome, the Lord of Love,
The sole-begotten Son,
Came down to build his temple fair,
And be its corner stone;
He joined it to the stars above,
Till earth and heaven are one.

So evermore the holy walls
Resound with heavenly lays;
And men unite with angel choirs,
The Three in One to praise;
The songs of Sion, loud and sweet,
With gladsome voice we raise.

Dread King of Heaven, before thy throne
We bow and beg thy light;
Receive thy people's prayers, O Lord,
Be with us day and night;
And guide us onward in thy love,
To thy Celestial height.

Here shall our voices evermore
Ascend before thy throne,
Beseeching thee for gifts we need
Till earthly days are done;
Till we shall reach the blessed seats
Where holy joy is won.

Then let all earth resound with praise
To God our heavenly King;
And to the Christ, his only Son
The selfsame praises bring;
So to the Spirit, three in one,
All earth and heaven shall ring.

THE PRAYER ON MOUNT OLIVET

Aspice ut Verbum Patris

LO, from the Father's flaming throne,
The ever-living Word, the Son,
Urged by sweet love and saving grace,
Comes down to raise our fallen race.

He looks upon our miseries
In mercy; all our need he sees;
He wills our ruin to repair,
And sues the Sire in prostrate prayer.

Bowed 'neath the load of sin, he saith,
"My soul is sorrowful to death;

Though fain the cup would I decline,
Father, thy will be done, not mine."

The woe of all the world he feels,
While faint upon the ground he kneels;
His great heart trembles with the pain,
Till blood-drops ooze from every vein.

Swift passes from his soul the storm,
An angel lifts the prostrate form;
With strength renewed he goeth forth
The King and Saviour of the earth.

Venit e Coelo

THE Christ, our Saviour comes, behold,
By prophet and by bard foretold;
Daughter of Sion weep no more,
Salvation shines upon thy shore.

From out the ancient garden came,
By disobedience, death and shame;
But from the new come life and light
Where Jesus prayeth in the night.

Appeasing God's avenging ire,
He holdeth back the threatening fire;
His sacred life delivereth
To lift our souls from sin and death.

The snares of hell his hand destroys;
He calls our souls to heavenly joys,
The golden gates reopening;
There reigns our Victim, God and King.

Praise to the Father, and the same
To thee, O Christ, whose holy name
Shall conquer earth; like praise to thee
Blest Paraclete eternally.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

Moerentes Oculi

OUR eyes should fall in grief, our tears should flow,
And from our deepest hearts the groan of woe
Should rise, when we remember all the pangs
The Saviour suffered, and the mortal blow.

Came Judas from the priests, and, armed with staves
And swords, a cringing multitude of slaves;
They struck the tender Christ, and mocking cried,
“Others he saved; see if himself he saves!”

The savage throng the gentle Saviour brings
Before the scornful priest’s false questionings;
Delivered to the soldiers, lo, they dare
Raise impious hands against the King of Kings.

Ye people, see! the God of earth and skies;
The cross upon his bleeding shoulder lies,

Silent he bears the lictor's cruel blow,
And never to the jeering crowd replies.

And walking, lamb-like, to his cruel death,
Upon his head he wears a thorny wreath;
The rage of Israel stinging insult brings;
He bows a sacrifice and suffereth.

And so he cometh unto Calvary
And dieth nailed upon the shameful tree,
He dieth burdened by all human woe,
And yieldeth his pure life, to make men free.

Yea, for our miseries the cruel pain
He bore; to bring new life his life was slain;
So let his glory ring through earth and heaven,
Our living God and King of endless reign.

Aspice Infami Deus

BEHOLD where hangs in cruel infamy
The God of Ages on the bloody tree,
Behold his tender hands nailed to the cross,
He dies in shame, from shame to make us free.

Lo, like a worker of most wicked deeds,
Between two thieves he hangs; his body bleeds
To gratify the rage of Israel;
His life is spent to cure our cruel needs.

Ah, pallid grows his face; his head is bowed,
His eyes are closed upon the scornful crowd,

With a loud voice he sends his spirit forth,
And o'er his body settles death's dark cloud.

O heart that hears and weeps not, hard as brass
Thou art; for lo, 'twas all thy sins, alas!

That brought thy Saviour here, all innocent,
To cleanse thy guilt, and ope the heavenly pass.

To thee, Eternal God, all glory be,
Who gave thyself to die upon the tree,
By thy all precious blood to wash away
Our crimes, and lift us evermore with thee.

Saevo Dolorum Turbine

WHAT cruel storms of grief and pain
The gentle Jesus must sustain!
He bears his cross to Calvary,
And there they place him on the tree.

With nails they nail him to the wood,
Our thorn-crowned King; his holy blood
O'erflows from every wound; forlorn
He hangs the sport of spite and scorn.

He weeps, he prays, aloud he cries,
And yielding up the ghost, he dies;
The mother feels the cruel blow,
Her stainless heart is pierced with woe.

The rocks are rent, and quakes the earth,
From out the tombs the dead walk forth;

Dread darkness covers land and main;
The temple's veil is torn in twain.

Sun, moon and stars in gloom are hurled,
The heavens moan, and groans the world;
O sinful man, in shame arise;
Behold, for thee the Saviour dies.

Here with his mother, stand and weep,
In tears his wounded members steep,
See, hand and foot and bleeding side,
And think, for love of man he died!

Victim of love! lo, thou art slain,
From sin and shame our souls to gain;
To wash us in the sacred flood
Of thy regenerating blood.

Our peace, our joy, be thou, O Lord,
Our life, our hope, our sweet reward,
Our guide, our light upon the way,
To lead us unto endless day.

ON THE CROWN OF THORNS

Exite, Sion Filiae

O DAUGHTERS of Jerusalem,
Chaste virgins of the royal throne,
Go forth and see the diadem
That Sion weaves for Christ, her Son.

Behold the blood upon his hair,
His tender forehead rent and torn,
The thorny crown that he must wear,
While death is on his face forlorn.

O hard and harsh the soil that gave
So foul a crop of thorns severe;
More hard and harsh the cruel slave
That forced them on a head so dear.

The thorns empurpled by the blood
More fair than roses grow to be;
The crown, touched by the sacred flood,
Becomes a wreath of victory.

The barbs that rend thee, Christ, to-day
Are the sharp thorns of human sin;
O pluck them from our breasts, we pray,
And plant thy living love therein.

Legis Figuris Pingitur

THE crown, O Saviour, that adorns
Thy head is shadowed in the law;
Here shines our God among the thorns,
As in the bush that Moses saw.

The ark that did the law enclose,
The sacred table of the bread,
The altar where the incense rose,
Were bound with crowns, like Christ's dear head.

But partner of his pains, behold!
His blood this wreath doth glorify;
More beautiful than gems and gold,
More fair than starry crowns on high.

Praise, honour, power and glory be
To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Paraclete, to thee
Forever reigning, three in one.

ON THE SPEAR AND NAILS

Quaenam Lingua Tibi

WHAT tongue can e'er return to thee, O spear,
The gratitude we owe thy service dear,
For thou didst ope the vivifying side
Of Jesus, whence his church doth first appear.

Like Eve arising from the side of man,
While bound in sleep, the Church's life began;
Hers was the better Adam; pure she sprang
Out of the side whence blood and water ran.

And equal thanks, O Nails, to you we owe,
For in the death of Christ, whose mortal woe
Ye wrought upon the cross, was blotted out
In his sweet blood the curse on man below.

Kind Jesus, whom the powers proclaim on high
The Prince of Peace and Ruler of the Sky,

Thy wounds in hand, foot, side, all glorified,
Reign with the Sire and Spirit eternally.

Salvete Clavi et Lancea

HAIL piercing nails, hail cruel spear,
But late in mean esteem ye stood;
The flesh of Christ has made you dear,
The purple of his healing blood.

Selected by the faithless Jew,
As instruments of horrid crime,
The God of love has made of you
The ministers of grace sublime.

The tender flesh ye rent, but lo,
The wounds in side, in hands, in feet,
Are fountains of his love, whence flow
Celestial streams of blessings sweet.

O wounded Saviour, unto thee,
We bow in love, thy name adore;
Unto the Sire and Spirit be
Like praise and glory evermore.

Tinctam Ergo Christi

O BLOODSTAINED barbs that Christ endures,
Turn, turn your torture unto me;
Heart, hand and foot, the crime is yours,
Be yours the bitter penalty.

Yea, Jesus, all the fault was mine,
That caused thy bitter woe and pain;
Pour on my soul thy blood divine
And make it whole and pure again.

So shall my feet ne'er move to sin,
My hand from every wrong be free,
So clean my bosom that therein
No shade of evil thought shall be.

O, wounded Saviour, unto thee
We bow in love, thy name adore;
Unto the Sire and Spirit be
Like praise and glory evermore.

ON THE WINDING SHEET

Gloriam Sacrae Celebremus

THE glory of the sacred winding-sheet,
In song and hymn to-day we celebrate,
That monument of love and mercy sweet,
In pious memory we cultivate.

For lo, imprinted plain upon each fold
The marks of bleeding hands and feet we see;
Ah, Christ, the Sindon, surely, we behold
That wrapped thy body taken from the tree.

And on the stains while gazing we recall
The cruel griefs the tender Saviour bore,

To raise us out of Adam's woful fall —
His holy death that we in tears adore.

The cloven side we see, the hands and feet
By nails of cruel iron pierced and torn,
And clearly printed on the snowy sheet,
Pressed on the drooping head, the crown of thorn.

What eye unstained of tears can these behold?
What ear can hear without a rending groan?
Let every soul to whom these truths are told
Fall to the ground in adoration prone.

Dear Christ, our crimes alone thy torments brought
Our evil lives took thy sweet life away,
Our mortal stains thy mortal sorrow wrought
Our lives are thine, O Lord, — receive thy pay.

To thee, O Son of God, be power and praise,
Who didst the world redeem from sin and shame,
Unto the Father equal glory raise,
And to the spirit's ever-living flame.

Mysterium Mirabile

WONDER of wonders, we behold
The Christ, the son of God most high!
We see the winding-sheet enfold
His prone and awful majesty.

Robing his form in all our woe,
From all our woe to set us free,
The pangs of death to undergo,
He hangs upon the shameful tree.

And printed on that winding-sheet
Which wrapped his body on the bier,
The marks of bleeding hands and feet,
The traces of his death appear.

These are the signs of triumph won,
Over the world, the grave and hell,
The trophies of God's warrior Son,
Our leader, Christ, invincible.

Under this sign of grace we fight,
This banner of the holy stains,
Against the powers of death and night,
All Satan's wiles and galling chains.

And casting our old life away,
We robe our souls in raiment new,
And following Jesus night and day,
The glorious hopes of heaven pursue.

To God the Father glory be,
The same to Christ his only son,
And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Forever regining three in one.

Jesu Dulcis Amor Meus

LOVING Jesus, sweet and tender,
Be my bosom's fond defender,
Love for love my soul shall render,
Prostrate at thy holy feet.

Lo, I see thee naked, wounded,
By thy trembling friends surrounded,
Staring on thee, sore astounded,
Folded in thy winding-sheet.

Hail, dear head so torn and gory;
Face, whose roses blanched and hoary,
So have lost their wondrous glory
That the angels quake to see.

Hail, O heart of man's salvation,
Prone I bow in adoration;
Hail, meek wound, thou dark carnation
Bringing healing unto me.

Holy hands, all perforated
By the slaves yourselves created;
Let me ne'er with love be sated,
Kneeling near the sacred feet.

To the Father's power supernal
Love and praise and reign eternal,
So to Christ, the Coeternal,
And the living Paraclete.

OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS

Saepe Dum Christi Populus Cruentis

OFT when the flock of Christ were driven
By bloody sword and cruel foe,
The tender Virgin came from heaven,
With loving aid to heal their woe.

So was it in the days of old,
As many a temple lifted high
Proclaims; and gifts of richest gold,
With grateful blessings testify.

New thanks for help to-day we bring
To Mary Queen, with gladsome voice;
In strains of holy joy we sing,
And all the bounds of earth rejoice.

O happy hour! O glorious day!
Behold the Master on the throne!
The years of fear are passed away,
The Chair of Faith receives its own.

Let gentle youths and virgins chaste
Uplift to heaven rejoicing lays;
While priests and people proudly haste
To join in songs of thanks and praise.

Sweet Virgin, hear us in our need;
Mother of Christ, thy gifts increase,

Help thou our Guide, his flocks to lead
To pastures of eternal peace.

O Triune God, let all our days
Be glorified with love of Thee
While songs of faith and heavenly praise
Resound through all eternity.

Te Redemptoris Dominique Nostri

GLORIOUS Virgin, thee we sing,
Mother of our Lord and King,
Loving aid in all our woes,
Bringing solace and repose.

Though the powers of evil rage,
And their fiercest battles wage,
Though the ancient foe assail,
'Gainst thy help shall nought prevail.

Fury's shafts shall harmless be
To the pure that call on thee,
Seek thy intercession sweet,
Bending at thy blessed feet.

Virgin, in thy fostering care,
Wrongs shall cease, that wound and wear,
Crime shall fail and evil fly,
God shall guard us from on high.

By thine aid the church shall be
Lifted high and firm and free,
Shielded by thy help, a tower
Strong against the tempter's power.

Thou hast saved us from the rod
By the strong right hand of God;
Yield us still thy tender care,
Shield us by thy powerful prayer.

To the glorious Trinity
Endless love and power shall be,
Heaven and earth thy praise shall sing,
Everlasting God and King.

ON THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD

Festivis Resonent Compita

LET cheerful voices sound along the way,
Let every brow the light of joy display,
Let men and boys the flaming torches fire,
And march with singing voice in glad array.

The dying Christ upon the cruel tree
Poured from his wounds the blood that made us free;
But while his pangs our holy freedom bought,
A tear at least should grace their memory.

The ancient Adam's crime brought heavy woe,
With death and darkness to the world below;

The newer Adam's blamelessness and love
Restored unto our souls the heavenly glow.

The Father sitting on the lofty throne
Heard the loud cry sent by his bleeding Son;
And by that cry appeased, and by that blood,
He opens heaven to every seeking one.

Washed in this blood, as is a garment white,
A rosy glory like angelic light,
The soul assumes, from every foulness free,
As angel pleasing to the God of might.

So like an angel take thy holy place,
Nor swerve nor falter in thy godly race,
Press onward to the utmost bound; the prize
Each noble soul attains by God's sweet grace.

Father of might to thee our orison
We lift, bought by the blood of thy sole Son;
Renew us in the spirit's living flame
That to our souls thy treasures may be won.

Ira Justa Conditoris

O'ER the world the world's Creator
Poured in wrath the drowning flood,
In his justice Noah saving
From the justice so bestowed;
Then the earth the loving Saviour
Bathed in his redeeming blood.

How it rises up in glory,
Watered by the saving rain;
Where but thorns before abounded,
Only roses now remain,
All the flowers of bitter seeming
Soothing taste and odour gain.

And the serpent's power and danger
Over all the world decline,
He must lose his fangs of poison
And his rule on earth resign;
This our gain, O wounded Saviour,
This our victory, was thine.

O the height of heavenly wisdom,
How beyond our power to see!
O the sweetness of the Saviour,
And his tender love for me!
Lo, he yields his life to save me,
Pays my bond upon the tree.

Though our wrongs and our offenses
For avenging justice cry,
Christ's all precious blood is present,
Bringing mercy from on high;
And those evils that assail us
Powerless fall and pass us by.

Tender Saviour, Lord of glory,
Thee our grateful songs we bring,
Thee the God of our salvation,

Thee our author and our King;
Reigning with the Sire and Spirit,
Heaven and earth one praise shall sing.

Salvete Christe Vulnera

ALL hail ye wounds of Jesus,
The balm of human woes,
From you in ruby streamlets
His blood forever flows.

There shines no star so radiant,
No rose is half so rare,
No orient gem in glory
With you can e'er compare.

Through you our heavenly Father
Brings peace to every mind,
Sweet refuge where no sorrow
Can port or entrance find.

What blows the tender Jesus
Receives in Pilate's hall!
How from the scourging lashes
The precious blood-drops fall!

They press upon his forehead
The piercing crown of thorn;
With nails of cruel iron
His hands and feet are torn.

And after life is yielded,
And forth his spirit goes,
They wound his tender bosom
Whence cleansing blood outflows.

Dear Lord, to full redemption
Our souls hast thou restored;
As underneath the wine-press
Thy healing blood is poured!

Come, bow before the Saviour,
Whate'er our crimes have been;
His blood is our salvation,
Who bathes therein is clean.

Praise him, who, with the Father
Sits throned above the skies;
The Christ whose blood redeems us,
Whose spirit sanctifies.

ON THE SACRED HEART

Auctor Beate Saeculi

THOU blessed fount of life and time,
The world's Redeemer, Judge, and Lord,
The Father's light and love sublime,
Thy name, O Christ, be e'er adored.

Unbounded love did thee constrain
To robe in clay the living God,

As second Adam to regain
The prize the first had lost by fraud.

All mercy thou, O Maker mild
Of earth and sea and starry sky;
In pity for thy fallen child
Thou gavest thyself, a lamb, to die.

The fountain of all-healing love
From thy deep heart is flowing still,
A stream of blessings from above,
And all may drink thereof who will.

O Sacred Heart, O saving flood!
What wounds, dear Christ, didst thou endure,
That man in thy all precious blood
Might bathe his soul and so be pure!

Unto the Father and the son,
And Holy Spirit, one in three,
Be praise and power and glory won,
And rule through all eternity.

Quicumque Certum Quaeritis

O YE who seek a sure relief
From cruel pain or wearing grief,
Whether the weight of guilt oppress
Or worldly cares the soul distress,

Unto the dear Lord Jesus fly;
He gave his life lest man should die;
With loving heart he waits; and lo,
His heart is never closed to woe.

To every soul that wills to seek,
In words of music doth he speak;
"All ye in labour bowed, and ye
By sin afflicted, come to me."
What heart so mild as his, who sought
Forgiveness for the Jews that bought
And nailed his body to the tree?
O Sacred Heart, remember me!

O Heart, thou joy of saints in heaven,
Thou saving hope to mortals given!
Drawn by those loving words, we claim
Thy mercy, Lord, and call thy name.
O cleanse our souls of sin and stain
In thy redeeming blood, and gain
For all whose prayers ascend to thee,
The heavenly gift of purity.

En, Ut Superba Criminum

BEHOLD us, Lord, a savage band,
How proud of vice, we walk the sod,
And strike with strong and cruel hand
The pure and tender heart of God.

Our countless sins, so base and blind,
Are glittering spears to thee, dear Lord;

Our viler passions whet and grind
The biting edges of the sword.

From thy torn heart, O Christ, is born
The church that to thy teaching clings,
The orient door that doth adorn
The temple, whence salvation springs.

And hence eternal graces flow,
A sevenfold stream, a wondrous flood;
The fountain is the Lamb, and lo,
The cleansing wave, his flowing blood.

Lord, let us ne'er to foul desire
Return to wound thy sacred heart,
Kindle our souls with holy fire,
And keep our wills where'er thou art.

O Son, O Sire, O Spirit hear,
And grant the gifts we seek of thee;
Thy power and glory we revere,
Thy reign shall live eternally.

Summi Parentis Filio

O THOU, the Son of God most High,
Thou Father of the life to be,
O Prince of Peace, to thee we cry,
We bring our song of praise to thee.

Thy heart was wounded by the blow
Ordained of everlasting love;
Such love among thy flocks below
Thou kindest at the fires above.

Dear Christ in pity for our woe
Thou didst thyself as victim give,
The cruel pangs to undergo,
To ope thy breast that man might live.

O sacred fount of love sublime,
O living spring of waters free,
O fire to cleanse away all crime,
O heart aflame with charity.

Lord, keep us ever in thy heart,
Thy tender love to feel and know,
The joys of heaven to us impart,
When we shall leave these walks below.

Cor, Arca Legem Continens

O HEART of Jesus, holy Ark
That holds the later law divine,
Not as of old, a service dark,
But mercy, grace, and love benign;

Thou art indeed the dwelling place
Of God's mild law and tender might,
The temple of out-pouring grace
That radiates all the world with light.

Eternal mercy willed the blow
That gave the wounds, O Heart, to thee,
That man shall ever feel and know
The love that suffered on the tree.

For Christ, eternal Priest and Lord,
Offers his love by holy sign
Upon the cross and at the board,
The twofold sacrifice divine.

We love thee, Jesus, Lord most high,
We lift our hearts to thine above,
And to thy sacred bosom fly,
That everlasting home of love.

All praise and power and glory be
To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit unto thee,
Forever reigning three in one.

ON THE SEVEN DOLORS

O Quot Undis Lacrimarum

O THE woe, the tears, the sighing!
Greater grief can never be,
Than assailed the love undying
Of the Virgin, thus to see,
In her arms the Saviour lying,
Torn all bleeding from the tree.

Bowed in 'grief his form she presses,
 Bathes his tender breast in tears,
Moaning, his mild face caresses,
 And where each red wound appears,
'Mid the storm of anguish, kisses,
 Shaken sore with shuddering fears.

O'er and o'er the Mother weeping,
 Tender touches doth bestow,
All the wounded members steeping
 In the tears that fondly flow,
And her lonesome vigil keeping,
 Bows her head in silent woe.

Mournful Mother, by thy sorrow,
 Grieving o'er the Crucified,
Teach our hearts true grief to borrow,
 Let us linger by thy side,
Feel thy anguish, keen and thorough,
 And in thy sweet love abide.

Earth and heaven to rapture speeding,
 Join in songs while ages run,
To the Father's glory leading,
 To the Co-eternal Son,
To the Lord from both proceeding,
 Everlasting, three in one.

Jam Toto Subitus Vesper

SWIFT from the heavens the stricken daylight flies,
The gloom of midnight overpowers the skies,
The God of life, 'mid infamy and shame,
A culprit on the cross forsaken dies.

And thou art present, bending on thy knee,
Mother of Christ; thou seest the agony,
Thou hear'st the groan that sends the spirit forth,
Where hangs thy Son, upon the bloody tree.

Ah, bowed in grief thou gazest on thy God,
Bleeding from piercing thorns and scourging rod;
The thorns that pierce his body pierce thy soul
And bring the streaming tears that steep the sod.

Dear heart of Christ, thy tortures were her woe,
The jeer, the lash, the insult and the blow,
The thirst, the gall, the thorns, the nails, the blood,
The fiercest torment tyrant could bestow.

O Martyr mother, waiting at his side
And weeping o'er that Son, the Crucified;
Martyr indeed, to see him die, yet live
And suffer all the pangs wherewith he died!

Honour and power and everlasting praise
To thee, O glorious Trinity we raise;
And sorrowing Mother, powerful in thy pain,
Be man's protectress to the end of days.

Summae Deus Clementiae

GOD of majestic clemency,
Let it be ours to feel and know
The wounds of Christ upon the tree,
And Mary's sevenfold woe.

Lord, by thy mother's holy tears
Uplift our souls to thy sweet day;
Let them suffice to calm our fears,
And wash our sins away.

The Saviour's wounds and Mary's woe,
Shall fill our hearts with holy love;
O let them be our grief below,
Our endless joy above.

Jesus to thee be glory meet,
Who wert for our salvation slain,
So to the Sire and Paraclete
Be praise and endless reign.

ON THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN

Te Mater Alma Numinis

SWEET mother of the Lord most high,
To thee we bow in humble prayer,
To thee from evil powers we fly;
O shield and keep us in thy care.

It was to lift our fallen race
Above the curse of Adam's crime,
The King bestowed on thee all grace
And shaped thy motherhood sublime.

So, Mother unto thee we pray;
Thou seest our need; thy Son entreat
That he, his anger turned away,
May raise our souls in mercy sweet.

All glory, Jesus, unto thee,
Born of the Virgin void of stain;
The same to Sire and Spirit be
Proclaimed through one eternal reign.

Coelo Redemptor Praetulit

THE world's Redeemer from the earth
Up-bore the Virgin to the sky,
The stainless womb that gave him birth,
And throned her as the Queen on high.

In that white breast that knew no stain
Salvation's hope was robed in clay,
The Christ that on the cross was slain,
Whose blood has washed our sins away.

Let joy and hope to man be won,
And drive away all anxious fears
For Mary to her pitying Son
Will sweetly bear our prayers and tears.

The mother's words her tender Child
Will heed and each entreaty bless;
Revere and love that mother mild,
And seek her aid in all distress.

Thou triune God, all praise to thee,
That to the stainless bosom bore
The virginal maternity;
We sing thy glory evermore.

ON THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Praeclara Custos Virginum

OF virgin souls the holy guide,
Chaste mother of the Love benign,
Thou gate of Heaven that openest wide,
Be still our hope, our joy divine.

Among the thorns the lily clings,
More white and fair than whitest dove,
The rod from Jesse's root that springs,
For every wound a balm of love.

Thou art a tower too high for stain,
A star to guide the ship-wrecked soul;
O shield us from the vile and vain,
And lead us to our heavenly goal.

By thy sweet prayers all shades dispel,
Remove the sands of guile and wrath;

All fears allay and doubtings quell,
And for our footsteps find a path.

To Jesus be all power and praise,
Born of the Virgin void of stain;
And to the Sire and Spirit raise
Like glory through an endless reign.

O Stella Jacob

O STAR of Jacob, golden light,
Even like the sun thy ray divine;
Among the heavens where all is bright
There is no purer ray than thine.

To thee the white-robed angels sing,
Who stands beside the royal seat,
To thee the choirs of virgins bring,
Their songs and psalms and praises sweet.

The privet and the lily white
Are placed upon thine altars blest,
But whiter than these flowers of light
The virgin whiteness of thy breast.

All earth shall lift its voice and sing
The songs the angels sing to thee;
Our voices to the stars shall ring
And laud thy virgin purity.

Jesus to thee be glory meet,
Born of the Virgin void of stain,
So to the Sire and Paraclete
All praise and power and endless reign.

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